DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 260 441 CS 209 231

AUTHOR MacFarlane, Andrew, Ed.
TITLE Byline Canada: The 1984 National Newspaper Awards.
REPORT NO ISBN-0-458-97670-9
PUB DATE 84
NOTE 215p.; For the 1982 Awards edition, see ED 252 844.
AVAILABLE FROM Methuen Publications, 2330 Midland Ave., Agincourt, Ontario, Canada M1S 1P7 ($12.95).
PUB TYPE Books (010) -- Collected Works - General (020)

EDRS PRICE MF01 Plus Postage. PC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS *Awards; *Journalism; *Newspapers; Professional Recognition
IDENTIFIERS *Canada

ABSTRACT

Representing some of the best of current Canadian newspaper journalism, the winning entries from the National Newspaper awards for 1983 are presented in this collection. Material in this book about each of the journalists includes a brief biography, the prize winning piece of writing, and an interview between the editor and the journalist. The book also contains work of winners in the areas of photography and editorial cartooning, and a list of national newspaper award winners since 1949. The winning journalists and their fields are the following: John R. Walker, enterprise reporting; Robert Martin, sports writing; Veronica Milne, feature photography; Allan Fotheringham, columns; Terry Moore, editorial writing; Dale Cummings, cartooning; Ian Urquhart, spot news reporting; Chris Mikula, spot news photography; John Bentley Mays, critical writing; and Bill McGuire, feature writing. (EL)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

ED260441

BYLINE CANADA

The 1984 National Newspaper Awards

Edited by Andrew MacFarlane

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

☒ This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.
☐ Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.

- Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official NIE position or policy.

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL IN MICROFICHE ONLY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Andrew MacFarlane &
Methuen
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

Methuen
Toronto New York London Sydney Auckland

CS209231

Copyright © 1984 by Andrew MacFarlane

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of Methuen Publications, 2330 Midland Avenue, Agincourt, Ontario, Canada, M1S 1P7.

Cover by Dreadnaught Design

Printed and bound in Canada

1 2 3 4 5 84 89 88 87 86 85

Contents

	Acknowledgments	vii
	Preface	ix
Enterprise Reporting	John R. Walker, Southam News *Interview with John R. Walker*	2
Sports Writing	Robert Martin, Globe and Mail *Interview with Robert Martin*	26
Feature Photography	Veronica Milne, Toronto Sun	50
Columns	Allan Fotheringham, Southam News *Interview with Allan Fotheringham*	52
Editorial Writing	Terry Moore, Winnipeg Free Press *Interview with Terry Moore*	76
Cartooning	Dale Cummings, Winnipeg Free Press	98
Spot News Reporting	Toronto Star/Sunday Star *Interview with Ian Urquhart*	100

Spot News Photography	Chris Mikula, Ottawa Citizen	148
Critical Writing	John Bentley Mays, Globe and Mail *Interview with John Bentley Mays*	150
Feature Writing	Bill McGuire, London Free Press *Interview with Bill McGuire*	184
	National Newspaper Award Winners	196

Acknowledgments

I am grateful to the writers whose work is published here for taking the time to share their thoughts and experiences in the extensive and revealing interviews that form an important part of the book. Acknowledgment is made to the following senior news executives for permission to reprint work done for their organizations:

A. John Briglia, Managing Editor, *London Free Press*
Les Buhasz, Assistant Editor, *Globe and Mail*
Nicholas Hills, General Manager, *Southam News*
E.E. (Ed) Monteith, Editorial Direction, *Toronto Sun*
Donald Nicol, Publisher, *Winnipeg Free Press*
R. Nelson Skuce, Managing Editor, *Ottawa Citizen*
Ray Timson, Managing Editor, *Toronto Star*

For many years, Ed Simon of Canadian Press has been the indispensable man of the National Newspaper Awards, assigning judges, collecting and distributing entries, keeping track of results and from time to time acting as chairman, which he did, with customary distinction, this year. I'm glad of another opportunity to recognize, in however small a way, his generous contribution through the awards to the betterment of Canadian journalism, and I'd like to thank him for his invaluable help with this book. Jerry Hames, editor of the *Canadian Churchman* and of the Press Club's *Byliner*, tracked down pictures for me, and Press Club president, Marg Chartrand, was a gracious hostess when Methuen launched the series at a club bash early this year. Back at Western, Michelle MacDonald toiled expertly and remarkably cheerfully through hours of recorded tape. Lynn Espey, the School's administrative officer, continued to give the project her expert assistance and Dean Peter Desbarats his encouragement and practical support. I am indebted to all of them.

Preface

In his perceptive essay, "The Journalistic Imagination,"* Professor Stuart Adam of Carleton University points out that all newspaper writing is positioned somewhere on a continuum whose poles can be labelled "literary" and "civic." Some of the work presented here—such as the *Toronto Star's* massive coverage of the Conservative leadership convention—is located toward the civic end of the scale: its function is to create public knowledge and understanding of important, frequently political, issues and events. This is what the *Star* team did, with its splendid chronicle of the steaming Saturday in the Ottawa Civic Centre that saw Brian Mulroney elected in a final ballot completed right on the Sunday paper's deadline.

Bill McGuire's moving, sometimes hilarious, totally absorbing recollection of his experience as a teenager paralyzed by polio is a beautiful specimen of the literary dimension. A National Newspaper Awards judge called it "a superb example of survived suffering recollected in tranquillity"—a reference to Wordsworth's description of the origin of poetry.

It is the mixture of literary and civic purposes that gives newspaper journalism a good deal of its fascination. In addition to high-level political information and analysis, the *Star*'s

---

*In *Journalism, Communication and the Law*, ed. Stuart Adam (Toronto: Prentice-Hall, 1976).

convention stories included sensitive portrayals of human triumph and defeat. McGuire's poetic essay was part of a series designed to assist a March of Dimes campaign to focus public attention on the problems of aging polio victims.

At its best, newspaper writing provides a matchless social and esthetic contribution to a country's current culture and historic record. And in this collection we have some of the best of contemporary Canadian newspaper journalism—the winning entries from the National Newspaper Awards presented in April, 1984 for work published the previous calendar year.

The awards, each accompanied by a $1,000 prize, are the highest honors conferred on Canadian newspaper people. They were established in 1949 with the support of the late George McCullagh, Publisher of the *Globe and Mail* and the *Telegram*, and they are now administered by the trustees of a self-sustaining fund whose benefactors are listed at the back of the book.

They are offered for work published in Canadian daily newspapers in 10 categories: spot news reporting, enterprise reporting, feature writing, editorial writing, critical writing, columns, spot news photography, feature photography, sports writing and editorial cartooning. This year 27 judges, many of them prominent former newspaper journalists, evaluated a record 817 entries.

This book, the second in the *Byline* series, consists, as before, of two main parts. One is the work that earned the prize in each of the writing categories, and the second is an interview between the editor and each of the winning authors. Some of the interviews were taped in person during National News Week in Toronto and the rest by telephone in the weeks following presentation of the awards.

The idea of the *Byline* series is to make accessible to a wider general audience work by newspaper writers from across Canada dealing with subjects that were particularly important or interesting at the time of writing. It will also be of specific use to students enrolled in Journalism and Communication Studies in Canadian universities and colleges.

Newspapers are the essential medium of mass journalism. Without them there is no news to be read—either by subscribers or by the rewrite people who turn the newspaper writer's work into agency bulletins and scripts to be reread by television and radio announcers.The overriding message of the *Byline* series is that excellence in this essential social role is very much a matter of the talent, dedication and professional pride of individual newspaper people like those whose work and words so eloquently represent them here.

Andrew MacFarlane
School of Journalism
University of Western Ontario
London
July 1984

Byline Canada

Enterprise Reporting

John R. Walker, Southam News

John Walker has had one of the most extensive foreign reporting careers in the history of Canadian newspapers. He broke in with CP, the *Oshawa Times-Gazette* and the *Calgary Herald*—where he worked as a general reporter, city hall reporter, editorial writer and night editor. In 1953 he joined Southam News, and, with the exception of five years as Ottawa bureau chief, he has been covering international beats ever since, including spells as bureau chief in China, Japan, Washington and London. In 1977 he became Southam's first full-time analyst of foreign affairs and defence issues, based in Ottawa but travelling widely in search of news and background for his regular columns. His recent itinerary has included post-Mao China, India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Grenada, El Salvador, Nicaragua, the NATO defence establishments, Iran, Iraq--and Afghanistan, where these award-winning stories were written.

Walker graduated from the University of Toronto in Political Science and Economics after wartime service as an RCAF Coastal Command pilot. He and his wife have three children and two grandchildren. A National Newspaper Awards judge said that his three-part series contained "more intrigue, action, derring-do and danger than I've seen in many a moon from a Canadian reporter."

Southam News

Walker, right, with Holy Warrior commander, member of a force fighting Soviets to a stalemate

MiGs Fight to Free Soviets Besieged in Town

KHOST VALLEY, Afghanistan—Nothing concentrates the mind so quickly as the scream of an ugly, black Soviet MiG–23 diving on a tiny foxhole with 500-pound bombs.

After seven or eight of these thundering machines make shrieking passes, for the fourth time that day, over an area of the mujahideen (holy warriors) front here in the flat, largely treeless valley around the besieged town of Khost, there is no doubt about the intensity of the war in this small sector of Afghanistan.

The battle for Khost is not a normal hit-and-run operation, but one of the few set-piece battles in the nearly four-year Afghan struggle. In this area, the rebel tribesmen have descended from the hills of Paktia province, cleared a valley measuring about 250 square kilometres, and bottled the Russians up in a town of 15,000 so that they are cut off from all assistance except by air.

The bowl of a valley has become a free-fire zone, where the jets bomb villages and rebel caves indiscriminately.

This daily bombing may have driven some 12,000 people out of the valley and destroyed many small mud-walled villages, but many of these fortress-like houses are still intact, and it isn't clear whether the Russian pilots really know anymore where their bombs are going to land.

One bomb shakes the earth walls of a two-man cave. Later, it is discovered that the nearest hit was 150 metres away.

There, a napalm bomb had breached the stone wall of a large house, the gooey, blackened napalm still clinging to the burnt branches of nearby trees.

But another bomb, whose column of smoke and dust could be seen clearly about 250 metres from the mouth of the two-man cave, had merely dug a big hole in a dying cornfield. Nobody had been hurt by either bomb.

This is happening because the mujahideen now have captured Dashaka anti-aircraft guns on the mountains around Khost, and the pilots can't dive to the normal 170 metres, but must loose their bombs around 500 metres. But they still manage to hit lots of villages filled with women and children.

There isn't much time to inspect the damage between air raids because, when the Soviet jets return to their base near the capital of Kabul, the garrison in Khost begins opening up with artillery and mortars.

Also after the air raids, the big, bristling MI-24 helicopter gunships take off from the gravel airstrip beside Khost to circle and hover, just out of range of rebel anti-aircraft positions, then launch their cluster rockets.

"It's a shock the first time you see them launched at you," says an anti-aircraft gunner as he describes how 13 rockets came whirling down at once on the gun emplacements. He was lucky because they blasted into the hillside behind him.

Yet day after day, under-armed and exposed in the barren valley, these tough, courageous Afghan tribal rebels have been closing the net on Khost, armed with only their Lee-Enfields, their Kalashnikovs, their RPG-7 anti-tank missiles, their grenade launchers and hand-held mortars, and a scattering of anti-aircraft machine-guns.

And at night when the jets have left and the shelling falls off, the small arms fire from the rebel fighters keeps the garrison on its toes, as they probe the final defences of Khost.

Siege of Afghan Town Proves Guerrillas Tenacious Fighters

KHOST VALLEY, Afghanistan—"In Khost we have proved that the Afghan, man for man, is as good as any Russian."

The balding and moustached professional soldier might be forgiven a little exultation over the siege of Khost.

Brig. Rahmatullah Safi is the top military adviser to the various mujahideen, or tribal warrior, groups now surrounding this Afghan town in Paktia province. He is a graduate of Soviet military training schools, as well as the Special Air Services school in Hereford, England, and the paratroopers' course at Fort Bragg, N.C.

"Of course," he admitted, "the Russians still have the air and the big guns."

In the early days of the Soviet occupation, which began four years ago, the people collaborated with the Soviets to the extent that Khost was known locally as "Little Moscow."

Meanwhile, in the villages along this 250-square-kilometre valley the Soviets used bribes and guns to keep the peace and turn people against the mujahideen.

But this spring, Safi said, things began to change. The people refused further bribes or they fled the valley with the co-operation of the rebel fighters.

In the last two months they have captured and destroyed 42 government outposts in this valley.

After two days in the valley, where one of the hottest battles in Afghanistan between the Soviets and the rebels still is being fought, one could appreciate what an accomplishment this has been.

The valley is a smoothed-out bowl surrounded by mountains, which cradle the mud-walled houses of Khost in the centre. To advance on the town meant following dried-out water courses, digging caves and foxholes along the way, or moving up through the line of trees along the Shamal River that runs south to north towards Khost.

Taking these routes in the past few weeks, the mujahid fighters have pushed to the outskirts of the town, which is surrounded by a heavy minefield. Some rebels have even infiltrated the town bazaar, which straggles outside the walled houses.

The newest front earlier this month was beneath the highest mountains on the west side of the valley facing Khost, an area liberated 10 days before.

The action was still intense, which was one reason why a visitor couldn't get much closer than a few kilometres to the town.

Although troops in Khost rarely venture forth, the first morning of the visit a troop of tanks and armored cars cautiously moved out of the town and up the road leading to this new front.

A band of 85 Darri hill tribesmen, led by a bearded old chief named Haji Shirindel, grabbed their guns and hurried down the road to meet them. Half an hour later there was a tremendous fusillade of small arms fire, machine-gunning, and mortaring. The tank advance was stopped.

The tribesmen claimed to have knocked out three tanks, but it was difficult to verify.

While one group encircled the town, another rebel group from among the estimated 5,000 to 6,000 men now besieging Khost, were harassing the Soviets in their efforts to relieve the garrison by road.

According to Safi, in late September the last road supplying the town was cut off when an Afghan government battalion was ambushed and a large number of weapons and ammunition was captured.

But several major problems confront the mujahideen before they can capture Khost.

The first is the minefield. They have no mine detectors, but even if they did, many of the Soviet mines are made of wood or plastic and are not detectable until it is too late.

Second, there is poor communication among the tribal groups. With no walkie-talkies, any orders for co-ordinated actions must go by foot around the valley, which can take a day or even two.

Third, there is a perennial lack of medical assistance for the wounded, and a shortage of food for the besiegers. Lucky are those who don't have severe head or abdominal wounds and can be shunted back to Pakistan on camel, only a few days' journey. This is one of the only areas in Afghanistan to have the advantage of easy access to Pakistan.

Finally, there is the regular shortage of ammunition, although they can make do from captured caches and periodic supplies brought by mule from Pakistan.

But the rebels surrounding Khost have one new secret weapon. They captured two 122-millimetre cannons in that last big ambush. They were being wrestled into place on the mountainside in the last few weeks.

Once they knock out the last outpost on the east side they can train these guns on the gravel runway, hopefully making it unusable for the transport planes that now supply Khost and for the helicopter gunships. Then they might actually capture this symbolic town.

"And if we do," Safi said, "we can't hang on to it because of all that Russian air power. But we'll destroy it so quickly and thoroughly, it will be of no use to the Russians again." Or to the poor Afghans, either.

Afghan Travel Can Be Exhausting

KHOST VALLEY, Afghanistan—You can still drive into Soviet-occupied Afghanistan, if you know the right Afghan mujahideen organization, which knows the right Pakistani border guard to bribe.

This is the only way for an aging, sedentary foreign correspondent, for at least it saves 16 kilometres or so of clambering over rocks and hills in a newly-acquired Afghan costume that would certainly fool no alert Pakistani policeman.

After bouncing and shuddering up canyons that were only the width of the truck loaded with armed mujahideen, the group arrived at a kind of caravanserai, a meeting spot for groups of fighters, refugees, smugglers (and visiting foreign correspondents) proceeding inland.

Here, it was time to wait for the guide. Sitting in a mud-walled teahouse for several hours, I suddenly noticed the room swelling with tall, well-armed, more-smartly-dressed types than the local Pathans.

They milled around while others jammed the doors and windows, all staring with evident hostility at a journalist disguised in his long Afghan shirt and pantaloons, his vest, sweat scarf and blanket, and sporting a Chitrali tam.

The interpreter, whom I shall call Sher Mohammad, was busily talking to mujahideen friends over tea, and as the atmosphere became more tense, I called to him.

He enquired of the newcomers. They were tough, Farsi-speaking Tajiks from far distant Herat province. Fortunately, Sher Mohammad, an ex-teacher, spoke Farsi.

They had heard there was a foreigner in the camp, a Russian prisoner of war, so the rumor went. They wanted to see a live one.

After that, with reluctant laughs all round, I enquired of the fighting in the northwestern region and of a legendary guerrilla fighter there, Ismael Khan, whom they knew and who has made Herat city a place where Russians dare move around only in armored cars.

The Heratis had just been down to Mirramshah on the Pakistan border to buy guns and ammunition and it was going to take them a full month to walk home.

Bored now with the foreigner, a few of them ambled outside and began testing their new guns, firing at rock targets down the road on which the erratic traffic came, much to the annoyance of the locals and the traffic.

A large camp of mujahideen from the fundamentalist alliance group headed by Yunis Khalis, the only political leader who actually fights beside his men in Afghanistan, was just over the next hill and Sher Mohammad had friends there.

They invited us to spend the night at their hilltop anti-aircraft post guarding the valley from MIGs and helicopters. Under a vast carpet of stars, we sat on an Afghan carpet, eating nan (bread), rice and ghee, and drinking tea and arguing Afghan politics. Later, we slept peacefully in an earth dugout beside the gun.

Awakened by the mullah calling the faithful fighters to prayer, we set off at 7:30 a.m. after guide and interpreter had prayed to Mecca and had breakfast.

Gul Zahir, our guide and a commander returning to his troops in the Khost valley, was short and inexhaustible at walking and talking. He set a smart pace along the Afghan trails, which in the deep valleys are just dried up creek beds or jumbles of boulders and scree that are obstacle courses for unwary foreigners.

Soon we began to climb the steep, tree-covered hills of Paktia province, up and down, then up at more precipitous angles that a good mountain climber would find easy warm-ups for the real mountains.

But the aging correspondent was soon puffing and gasping and sweating. Glorious vistas were lost as eyes were kept on the trail along mountain ledges while edging past loaded camels and fractious donkeys.

It was never lonely. Refugees coming out, mujahideen going in, children with goats everywhere. "Salaam Aleikum" to everyone, shaking hands with everyone in neighborly Afghan fashion.

We climbed over three passes, topping the last one at about 1,800 metres that led in the early afternoon to a vast panoramic view of the Khost valley, at the moment of entry a sight of apparent peace and quiet.

It took us a couple of hours or more to descend, passing streams of fresh refugees, whose village had been bombed and destroyed that morning, mothers with babies in arms, barefoot children and fathers goading donkies laden with their pitiful possessions.

At the top of a broad lava field, we had to wait until sundown. Firstly, to watch the late afternoon milk run of Russian jets strafing the valley, a theatrical performance the mujahideen seemed to get a great kick out of, especially as they were hitting the area where we were to spend the night.

Secondly, because the flat desert floor we had to cross was subject to shell fire by day from the last Soviet outpost on this side of the valley.

We set forth at sunset in single file, joined now by a couple of dozen mujahideen, across the plain with its dried-up water courses and gullies. The darker it got, the harder for this stranger to follow the dark figure in front.

"How do you see?" I asked Sher Mohammad.

"With your feet," he replied matter-of-factly.

Of course, but mine were blind and hit every hidden boulder and missed every gulch.

We passed several eerie, empty villages, blasted to ruins by the jets. To our left the flares were rising over the besieged town of Khost as the garrison lit up the mujahid attackers whose machine-guns rattled continuously.

Suddenly, on the left, red tracer fire showed up from the other uncaptured government outpost nobody had said anything about. All the time we seemed to be getting no closer to anything, until we reached the rushing Shamal River.

As a courtesy to a complaining foreigner, a donkey driver who had joined us offered me a ride across. Midway over, the donkey baulked at some slippery boulders and I fell in.

Sloshing around on the other side in a treed and cultivated area filled with irrigation ditches and deep-set cornfields, I managed to slip off the narrow paths several times, once falling two metres into a ditch, dislocating an index finger, bruising my legs and gett[illegible] that ultra-exhausted feeling.

"Only five minutes more," said the ever-optimistic Sher Mohammad, and sure enough, 45 minutes later, this dead-beat correspondent was deposited inside a mud-walled house, gasping for water, tea and sleep. It had been 15 hours since we set out.

I will say this. They provided a full moon for the return journey and broke up the hill trails in more suitable stages for one of my advanced age. But then, I was almost fit enough to travel.

Soviets Meeting Match in Afghan Rebels

KHOST VALLEY, Afghanistan—"When the tanks are in sight and we can hit them, we just don't worry about the helicopter gunships. We just ignore what's coming down from the sky."

The Afghan holy warrior (or mujahideen) was describing the final ambush that two weeks ago drove the Afghan government brigade, holding the big Sarai outpost in northern Paktia province, to surrender because all aid had been cut off.

But unconsciously this rebel was also describing the present mobility and future futility of the unequal battle between man and machine in Afghanistan today, a war that courage sometimes equalizes but that time may eventually neutralize.

In all the justified tributes to the bravery and persistence of the Afghan guerrilla rebels, it should be recalled that 60 years ago it took the Soviet Union a decade to bring their Moslem insurgents, the Basmachis, into final submission.

Ironically, many of the sons of those Basmachis, the tough Uzbeks, Tajiks and Turkomen now are fighting as mujahideen in the Afghan provinces of Herat, Fariab, Balkh and Badakhshan, creating constant havoc for the Russian and Afghan government troops trying to hold the northern regions beyond the Hindu Kush.

But the Basmachis were crushed in the 1920s before the invention of the helicopter gunship, the MIG fighter-bomber, the modern mine and tank. The Russians today are using them to decimate a people and devastate a land.

In contrast to this mujahideen commander, who also acted as interpreter, there were the women, children and old men we met on the trails, streaming out of the Khost valley in Paktia province to safety and exile in Pakistan.

They are adding to the nearly three million refugees now in camps all over the Northwest Frontier Province, about one-fifth of Afghanistan's population, and they, as some of them admitted, were fleeing the bombs and the Russians, and the mujahideen war that makes it impossible to harvest crops or live a normal life.

As the barefoot children and heavily veiled women straggled by, their menfolk would describe the napalming of their tiny mud-walled houses that morning, while others would bemoan the exorbitant prices that Pakistani camel drivers were charging to carry their few possessions out of this dying valley.

Doubtless the Russians are counting, in the long run, on the pressure of the families to bring the Afghan fighting men to heel, but given the Afghans' traditional and historic capabilities, that could be a long run indeed. However, a totalitarian power can wait a very long time without domestic counter pressures.

But in Afghanistan today, the brutal war in an unforgiving landscape continues and one of the most vital areas of conflict is Paktia province on the Pakistan border.

There, aside from the big battle for the town of Khost, there are two other centres where important government outposts are under siege by the Afghan rebels.

There is the Joji area north of Khost, where the interpreter fought in a battle that resulted in the fall of Sarai. A second big government military base there is almost surrounded by the guerrillas and very heavy fighting is continuing according to rebels recently back from Joli.

The other besieged Soviet military base is south of Khost at Urgun, where the tribal mujahideen have surrounded the town, ambushed supply convoys and tank columns issuing from it, but are held off by the superior Russian air and fire power. According to rebel sources, many Afghan officers and soldiers in the garrison have sent messages to the besiegers expressing interest in surrendering.

What is perhaps unique about these three prolonged battles is that they have been organized by the Pathans, who are not known in Afghanistan for their abilities to co-operate and organize, and who are seen by many as less aggressive fighters than the Tajiks and Uzbeks of north and central Afghanistan.

After all, the most prolonged and bloody set-piece battles reported over the past three years have been in the Panjscher valley, northeast of Kabul up against the towering Hindu Khush, where a highly skilful resistance has been led by the legendary Commander Massoud.

After repelling at least six major Russian offensives involving upwards of 30,000 Soviet and Afghan troops in the past two years, the Afghan government itself asked for a truce last January and Massoud accepted.

The entrance to the long, narrow Panjscher valley is very close to the vital Salang Pass and tunnel, the major Russian supply route from the Soviet Union to Kabul, and the Russians apparently felt since they could not afford to maintain 10,000 troops in the valley, a truce for six months would help their convoys while a little skilful propaganda might suggest Massoud had given in.

There was, of course, no truth to that, for Massoud has become so effective that other mujahideen leaders have come to his stronghold to learn his methods of guerrilla warfare.

What he wanted, according to Bahouddin Majrooh, respected editor of the Afghan Information Centre bulletin in Peshawar, the most reliable news organ in this politically fractious mujahideen centre, was to gain time to get in the valley crops and re-arm.

The Russians had extended the truce this month and reporters who had just come out of the Panjscher said the situation was still quiet. Massoud had just completed agreements with the ultra-fundamentalist Hezbe Islami mujahideen in two neighboring valleys who, in typical Afghan fashion, had been cutting off his supplies and harassing his arms convoys.

As a result, Massoud and his men now control the big Andarab valley, north of the Hindu Kush, which runs out near the northern end of the Salang tunnel, a situation that the Russians are unlikely to view with equanimity. A new Russian offensive may already be in the offing.

Elsewhere in central Afghanistan, around Kabul, the rebels have been continuously active, hitting Russian convoys and Soviet outposts, raiding right into Kabul itself.

But the Russians, having in the past year avoided ground confrontations where possible, have been increasing their air strikes, their helicopter gunship harassment, and occasional paratrooper attacks to wipe out villages that were rebel centres, and also have been continuing the devastation of the croplands to reduce their food sources.

Majrooh says there have been fewer reports of straight burning of crops this year, but the general havoc was such, particularly around Kabul, that crops were just rotting in the field, if they ever got planted in the first place.

It is harder to obtain information about the fighting in the northern provinces along the Soviet border, because few journalists have been there, and mujahideen reports take a month or more to reach Peshawar.

Aside from Kunduz, through which the main supply road runs to Russia, the province of Jozjan to the west is perhaps the most heavily garrisoned because this is the site of the wells which produce the natural gas which is piped direct to the Soviet Union at Russian-imposed prices, to help finance the war for Moscow.

From Herat to Mazar-i-Sharif to Kunduz, mujahideen have continued to be active on these flat plains, harassing garrisons, cutting the pipelines, even raiding across the Oxus river that forms the border with the Soviet Union. But it is an unending struggle against the big guns, the big tanks and the big bombers.

West Supplies Rhetoric, Not Arms

PESHAWAR, Pakistan—Barrelling through the night down from the hills of Waziristan to Peshawar, the Pakistani broadcast on the truck radio suddenly broke into English.

It was the voice of United States Secretary of State Caspar

Weinberger addressing Afghan refugees the day before at the Potemkin-type relief village they reserve for VIP visitors.

"You are not alone," he proclaimed. "Your struggle for freedom and your willingness to fight against overwhelming odds is bound to succeed."

He went on, as the mujahideen (Afghan rebel) beside me glowed with excitement, "You have demonstrated day after day what freedom-loving people can do. You have demonstrated your determination to defeat the Soviet Union."

When the broadcast was over, I turned to my mujahid friend and mentioned there was nothing in it about American guns or ammunition for their fight, nothing but good wishes. He nodded glumly and silently.

That is the grim reality behind the rhetoric about western aid to the freedom fighters of Afghanistan. Despite the easy talk of President Ronald Reagan about increasing aid to the holy warriors, the amounts that are getting through are still minimal and do not include much that these brave people really need to battle the modern armory of the Russian superpower.

"Ask Canada to send us anti-aircraft weapons," said Haji Shirindel, the mujahideen field commander with whose unit I stayed in the Khost valley. "You people are not sending us enough weapons," he went on as we huddled in a large cave while Russian MIG-23s were dive-bombing overhead.

Like many mujahideen I met, he was sure the Pakistani military were siphoning off many of the weapons now coming in from Egypt and China.

Whatever arms pipeline there is through Pakistan is the unwritten story. Pakistan does not allow any Afghan to inspect or ride herd on arms coming in for Afghanistan, because it is a Pakistani military preserve and because General Zia-ul-Haq wants to maintain the façade of neutrality in the war.

Like the rip-offs in official aid for the three million Afghan refugees in Pakistan, there is official silence and absolute denial in Islamabad about the disappearance of arms aid to the mujahideen.

Of course, while the Pakistanis insist on their neutrality, the western countries, who may divert some funds to Egypt for the purchase of locally made Kalashnikovs for the Afghans, insist that they can't become more involved until the Afghan mujahideen organizations can get themselves united.

Right now, despite all the talk of unity here, they are no more united than they were in January, 1980. There now is a fundamentalist alliance of seven groups and a moderate alliance of three, each still denouncing the activities of the other.

The only new effort being made to bridge the gap is a move that has been started to get the ex-king of Afghanistan, Zahir Shah, in exile in Rome since 1973, to become a symbolic rallying point for the Afghan parties and people on the assurance that he would not return as king if the Russians ever leave.

But waiting for this kind of political unity before aiding the fighters who have shown they can unite in the fight is diplomatic persiflage.

The question that Canadians and Americans and other westerners should be asking themselves and their governments is why they are not helping these very brave people more and thereby making the Soviet Union bleed a little more for its unjustified invasion of an independent, non-aligned nation.

And if the Trudeau government shrinks at providing missiles and guns, how can it refuse the mine detectors, walkie-talkies and medical aid the rebels need? It is time Canada remembered these courageous freedom fighters in more than words.

Interview with John Walker

One definition of enterprise that I really like is "readiness to engage in what requires daring or energy, a bold, energetic spirit . . ." and I can't think of anything more appropriate to describe your expedition disguised as an Afghan tribesman to cover the rebellion against the Russians. Can you tell me how it came about?

Well, I had been out there several times and out into the Indian subcontinent I guess every year for ten years, so I'm fairly familiar with the area. Nick [Nicholas Hills, General Manager, Southam News] had been bugging me ever since I was there in 1980, after the Russians went in. I was there for a couple of weeks, which was all the Russians allowed you to have a visa for after they took over the country. I was back again when I had gone to Iran to see what was going on in the Iran war. Nick kept saying, "When the hell are you going back to Afghanistan?" and I said, "Look, I'm too old for that kind of thing. I'm getting on, you know." I said, "If you've ever been to that bloody country, it's a beautiful, fantastic country in many ways, but it's a hell of a place to have to walk around." So we sort of left it like that.

On this last trip I had been invited to visit Iraq, on the Iraqui side, because they had been unhappy with what I had written about the Iranian war. Having finished Iraq I went to Pakistan—which was at that point blowing up—that was in August of last year or September, when they had all this unrest. There was quite a bit of rioting and so on, and I had finished covering that, and I went up to Peshawar again. So I went around to some of my friends that I've known up there and talked to them about the possibilities of an old man going in.

There just happened to be at that time a very interesting siege going on just about fifty miles inside the border, which was the sort of thing that one could get into and out of in a week or so. That's when I decided I would see if I could latch onto somebody that was involved in there. You have to be very careful in Peshawar, because the place is full of spies from the Afghan government, so you don't go around advertising.

So how did you establish contact?

I've been there several times, so I knew who was who and what was what and who to go to. There are six or seven groups, and some of them are more actually fighting, and some of them are talking a lot. Some of them are reliable. The fundamentalist group is notorious for fighting their own guys. So you just try to pick the ones that you know are really serious fighters and are competent. I eventually got on to the right group, and they organized it just excellently as far as I was concerned and got me in and got me out. This is what the main thing is—to get the guy out.

In one piece!

Yeah, alive. I didn't stay long, because I found it to be just too exhausting travelling for me, because I was fairly aged. I was 62. I just found the travel was quite something, and you know, where I had been was a siege area which was quite unique in certain ways. The Panjscher valley and the Khost valley had been under siege for a month and a half, and they'd really completely surrounded the town. So the Russians resorted to entire bombing all the time. I didn't know this until I got there, and they took me to the area which had just been captured. They were bombing it every several hours. There's not much cover. You're hiding in bloody caves most of the time. When you come out then they shell you. It was sort of exciting.

The element of danger in this kind of reporting is obviously very important to the reader. It's pretty important to the author as well! Didn't you worry a bit about being killed in costume in an alien valley kind of thing?

Well, you didn't really have too much time to worry about it, but the thing that really scared me was these bloody Mig-23s, because they make such a hell of a scream when they're diving on you. You never know where the hell the bomb's going to fall, which is natural on any of those things. So I don't suppose it was that dangerous, but just psychologically it is, because you're huddling in these bloody two-man caves or whatever, and the guys are screaming overhead. They go so fast you can hardly see them, and the bomb comes down, and you don't know where the hell it's going to land. It lands on one side of you and then the other side, so, you know, it's not really something you want to stick around and investigate too long.

There's a possibility of finding out more than you actually wish to know.

Well, at least I didn't have to be like the photographers. The old thing I hated about Vietnam was I hated to go with CBC photographers or Joe Schlesinger, because they always wanted to go the extra mile up the road to get a picture of the goddamn bomb coming down, and I could see it from where I was!

When I've been involved in reporting anything like that, I've found that all the clichés are true: that my mouth actually did get dry and my legs actually did turn to rubber and etc. etc. Does that happen to you?

Well, I don't know that it did. I think the time that I was more depressed was in getting there. I mean the last night on the trip when I wrote part of the article on . . . this damn trip at night across the flat valley . . .

Terrible!

You couldn't see where you were going, and at my stage I found it very difficult to see, and I kept falling down and, you know, getting hurt, and these poor bastards would say, "What kind of an idiot have you got with you that can't hack this sort of thing?" I found that more exhausting, and by the time everything else came, once you'd gone through one of these Mig attacks you just said, well, if your name's on it, okay, but otherwise you just kept out of sight and then wandered around and looked at what they could show you.

When the people from the town sent out tanks or something to harass them, they then would send their guys down to attack. They wouldn't take me down to that, and I wasn't anxious to rush down to do it, either. I could hear it all. A lot of their harassment as they surrounded this town was at night. You could see the firing and all that sort of thing, but it wasn't that scary in many ways. And as I say, I only stayed there a couple of days—just long enough to talk to people and see what they were doing and see what was happening and then got the hell out.

It would be plenty scary for me, I think.

Well, it was really nothing to write home about, but it made an interesting series just in the sense of being able to actually see this thing, and I was glad, because I think it's absolutely shocking that nothing is being done to help these poor bastards, really, and that's what I find is depressing. I mean, these poor guys are very, very brave and courageous, and they're getting no help.

I noticed this. Along with this really gripping adventure story and the very economical and clear analysis that went with it, I sensed a deeply concerned, even angry, journalist.

Well, I really was, because you felt . . . I mean, here are these guys who are just out there, and they're quite brave and all the rest of it, and they're doing it day after day, and they're not getting the assistance.

I remember I was down in Washington about a month and a half ago. McFarlane [Robert C. McFarlane, National Security Adviser to President Reagan] had a bunch of NATO reporters in, and they were giving us the big pitch on what America is doing. Finally, at the end of this session in the executive office building by the White House, I said, "Look, what fascinates me about this administration is that you want to stand tall and talk tough to the Russians in Europe, and you're ready to invade Nicaragua, and you do invade Grenada and all this sort of thing, but you know, the one people that are actually fighting this so-called evil empire are the bloody Afghans, and you're not doing bugger-all for them, really. You may be sending some stuff, but it's certainly not getting there, and I don't even think you're sending that much stuff." There was a great pause, and McFarlane sat there, and then he looked up and he said, "What's your name?" And I told him. And he said, "Where are you from?" "Canada." He said, "Oh." And then another pause. And then finally he went on, well, we're sending them humanitarian aid and dah-di-dah-di-dah, you know, and all this sort of stuff. But he didn't answer the question.

And this really fascinates me. I just felt very sorry for these people. You met the people being driven out of the valley I was going into. They were all being bombed to hell. I mean, all the food is going to waste in those valleys, because they're bombing them so much, they can't harvest it. The corn was sitting on the stalks, and people were going out with their poor things and going over the valleys to bloody Pakistan, where they're going to sit for God knows how long. It just made me rather angry that we can't do anything to make these bloody Russians bleed a bit on this thing. And it might even drive them to the negotiating table, you know.

Certainly that came through loud and clear, and despite the very taut and almost laconic stories, this feeling of outrage was there very strongly.

Which amazes all my friends, because I'm also a great antinuclear type, you see, in my columnar pontifications. Because it was [Southam correspondent] Don Sellar and I that broke the Cruise missile story a couple of years ago, and I've been hammering our government on that subject in columns ever since. It confuses some of my friends who think that I'm a peacenik, which I'm not. But I'm very, very concerned about the sort of overkill stuff that we've developed and are getting into, especially with the Reagan administration.

It's a consistent line if you're going from the point of view of your good sense and judgment in preventing war.

I hope so. I hope so. That's what I'm trying to say, but it isn't always visible.

So long as it's received that way.

That's right. Some of our papers don't think it's a great idea, but . . .

Do you get letters from editors?

Oh yes. We have lots of fun.

What was the purpose of the Afghan costume?

There's no other way you can go in. The only way you can cross the border is by dressing up, because nobody inside the country is wearing anything else unless they're in Kabul, and then they probably look like a Russian, and somebody'll shoot them.

A recent piece in the Columbia Journalism Review *describes journalists covering wars as being "driven by curiosity by competition by the editor back home by frustration, fear, nerve and adrenalin . . . and they say to themselves, 'Let's see if we can sneak through to the other side.'"*

Well, I'm afraid I'm more the cautious type myself. I don't have that kind of adrenalin. Unfortunately, in these days when wars are so often civil and uncivil and where it's guerrilla warfare everywhere you go, you get involved in situations that make it unhappy.

I wouldn't say caution was flagrant in your Afghanistan trip. Did it include the closest calls you've had?

Well, it seemed more personal. I don't know why. Maybe it's just because I knew that they were bombing the caves where we were. It was us they were after. I mean, I have been in the Vietnam war zones, but I was never out on patrol like a lot of people. I was there off and on, on trips, and watched the bombings in North Vietnam and so on, but I was never in that close a situation.

In the Iran war we were taken to the front, two years ago I guess, when the Iranians first invited Westerners back in. We went to the front then, and they'd just captured the last big hunk of Iran from the Iraquis. It was still being shelled when we were being rushed around the liberated territory by these damn revolutionary guards, who didn't seem to give a damn about where the shells were going. I remember one time they insisted that we must rush up and see a bunch of tanks with dead bodies in them to prove that they just liberated everything. We all got out of our buses, and we're standing there, and somebody says, "Where's the front from here?" The guy says, "About ten miles from here"—you know, we're miles from it. Just as he was saying this I was looking over his shoulder, and there was this low hill just about three miles away, and there's three great bloody red flashes on it, and Jesus, what's that? And suddenly there's the old whistle of a shell going overhead. Then the first one landed quite a way from us, and the second one landed a lot closer, and the third one—we're all on the ground. The revolutionary guards in Iran don't worry about that because of their attitude to death, you know. But that was interesting. It wasn't close, I don't think, but it was just the sort of thing the first time you hear it you get a little nervous. I've been very lucky, let's put it that way.

I remember being in that great riotous situation in T'ien An Men Square in Peking in 1976 and it was quite shaky, because there were ten thousand people running around, and they didn't like foreigners listening in on what was going on. But it wasn't, I suppose, dangerous. It just felt that way.

You've had one of the most extensive foreign reporting careers in Canadian journalism history. What's given you the most satisfaction?

I've had a lot of satisfaction from being in and reporting and trying to make some sense out of a lot of interesting events that I've been involved in. China was certainly one of the most fascinating, because we were there in the final year before the breakup of the Gang of Four. I would never have missed that. The three and a half years there were very satisfying to me, personally. I don't know journalistically—because you did what you could when you were living in a society where you can't find out what the hell is going on. I found the whole experience there probably the most intense that I'd ever encountered, even though I've had that sort of feeling in India quite often.

It's been a pretty good career.

I know. It's probably crazy, but I've enjoyed it. I mean, I'm one of the unique people who actually wanted to be a foreign correspondent rather than an editor or something and by personal choice stuck with that. It's had its satisfactions, and I've really had a lot of enjoyment out of it. It's been a hell of an education, and I hope I've been able to educate other people on the subjects of interest that I find. There's always something out there to take a look at. And as Don Minifee, an old friend of mine [and another noted Canadian foreign correspondent] used to say, there's nothing like being at the scene of the accident to be able to tell it like it is.

Sports
Writing

Robert Martin, Globe and Mail

Robert Martin joined the *Globe and Mail* as a summer student when he was completing his University of Toronto M.A. in drama in 1972, and he has been there ever since. He freelanced entertainment pieces and then was given the pop beat full-time, he says, "on the strength of a definitive analysis of Alice Cooper." Eight years ago, when he turned 30, he asked to be relieved of the beat because he could no longer relate to the music. "I was part of the generation that couldn't trust anybody over 30, so I figured I had to move on." He reviewed movies for two years and then, after spending a few months in Europe, moved to the travel beat.

He is now associate travel editor. He has been racing sailboats for about ten years and writing about yachting as a sideline for five, but covering the America's Cup was his first sports assignment for the *Globe and Mail*. In all, he wrote some 85 stories on the races. The judges commended "the expertise, initiative and hustle" he showed "in covering a major sports event which must have kept enthusiasts from many countries on the edge of their seats for a good part of the summer."

Robert Martin 27

Canada 1 Gains Semi-Final Berth, Despite Protests

NEWPORT, R.I.—Talk about dragging it out to the bitter end.

Canada 1 had to beat Azzurra three times yesterday to win a place in the semi-finals to select a challenger for the America's Cup.

First, she won by 39 seconds on Rhode Island Sound in a westerly that started light at seven knots and built to 13. Then she won twice more in the protest room.

"About three-quarters of the way up the first leg, we tacked on their lee bow," Canadian navigator Peter Wilson said of the first incident, "but they just started to roll over us so we luffed." There was a collision and Canada 1 protested Azzurra for failing to keep clear. The Italian yacht was disqualified.

"Later on, they overstood the mark by quite a bit, so we tacked under them again and they said we tacked too close," Wilson said. The Italian protest was thrown out.

The victory party raged on during the evening while skipper Terry McLaughlin, tactician Jeff Boyd, bow man Sandy Andrews, starboard trimmer Al Megarry and videotape operator Paul Parsons fought the protests in court. The crowd at the crew house was confident and with good reason. Canada 1 has now had four different opponents disqualified and has never been disqualified herself.

There is a protest to be heard today between Challenge 12 and Australia II, the Perth entry that beat her compatriot from Melbourne by 1:05 yesterday. The jury will hear the protest if Challenge 12 insists, but it won't make any difference. Challenge 12 is out.

Canada 1 won her start against Azzurra by one second as both yachts started on port tack, but, more important, Wilson said, was "we started at the favored end." With the start line skewed slightly instead of being at a 90-degree angle to the wind, Canada 1 was able to tack to starboard shortly after the start and cross ahead of Azzurra.

But it was close all the way up the first windward leg—as the protests show—and the Canadians rounded the mark a mere seven seconds ahead.

They added three seconds on the first reaching leg and 11 more on the second as the Italians lost time changing spinnakers. Azzurra lost ground on a 21-tack duel up the second windward leg as Canada 1 stretched her lead from 21 to 59 seconds.

The Italians did better gybing downwind on the run and closed the gap to 28 seconds. But Azzurra couldn't move up on the last leg and put in only 10 tacks on her way to a 39-second loss.

Back at the Canadian compound, a party in full swing greeted the returning sailors. Rock music blared from speakers set on top of the camp's trailers and the racers unloaded their sails to the cheers of about 75 Canadian tourists while the media buzzed about with cameras and notepads.

Everyone concerned was ready for beer, potent pineapple punch and a celebration of the fact that the first Canadian America's Cup effort in more than a century had established its credibility beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Despite the nay-sayers and the financial difficulties, Canada's first 12-Metre has proved herself better than three others—so far—and in the triple round-robin series that starts Thursday, who knows how many more?

And, after two years of work and 40 tough races, people wanted to let their hair down a little. Operations manager Doug Keary was typical of the light-hearted feeling.

"Someone will send us a cheque for a million dollars," he said of the effect making the semi-finals will have on the campaign. And in the semis?

"We're going to win. We're going to win it all."

While sweet reason may dictate otherwise, the Canadians deserve to relish their accomplishments, for what they have done is a victory in itself.

From a disappointing start, they have learned and progressed steadily to the point where no one on the course can take them for granted. Their record through the three series has steadily improved from 4-8 to 6-6 to 9-7 in series C.

"It's too soon to tell," McLaughlin said about the semi-finals. "We need more speed." He hopes that new sails will help as well as additional modifications to Canada 1's keel. She still has the problem of being fast going into a tack but slow gathering speed on the new tack.

While Australia II, with a 36-4 record for the summer, is still obviously the yacht to beat, the yacht that meets her in the best-of-seven final is by no means certain at this point. Britain's Victory 83 has an edge but not much of one. She finished series C with a 10-6 record, compared to Canada 1 and Azzurra, tied at 9-7. The semi-finals could be a dogfight.

Scars of Summer on Display in Graveyard of 12-Metres

NEWPORT, R.I.—The large, broken red letters over the door spell COVF HAVEN MAPI. The words are as shattered as the dreams.

This is Cove Haven Marina, graveyard of the 12-Metre yachts. It's located in Barrington, R.I., about an hour's scenic drive from the madness of Newport and the America's Cup. It is northward along the shore of placid Narragansett Bay, through Bristol, where Nathaneal Herreshoff built six successful Cup defenders at the turn of the century, and through Warwick, the more prosaic home of American Tourister luggage.

The biggest deal in Barrington appears to be the Rhode Island Lace Works across the street from the marina, a factory that manufactures items almost as ephemeral as a foreigner's hope of carrying off the America's Cup.

Along the route to Barrington are ancient graveyards full of Pilgrim Fathers but none prepares the visitor for Cove Haven because at least the Fathers are decently interred. Not so the 12s that are buried Indian style, in full view and elevated above the mourners.

The first body on display is the great Canadian hope of the summer of '83, Canada 1, propped up on steel poles next to a parking lot. She has been stripped of her winches—sold to cover syndicate debts—and although her bold red stripe along her side still gleams brightly in the sun, there's now another, parallel stripe below of dull yellow, the dried-on scum of the sea.

A 12-Metre yacht under sail may be the most beautiful nautical sight around today but it is at places such as Cove Haven that one can see the scars beneath the surface, the scratches in the paint and the dents in the topsides that come from a long hard summer of campaigning.

Like the boxer in Simon and Garfunkel's song of the same name, Canada 1 "carries the reminder" of every blow, from bumps with her tow boat to collisions with France 3. But mostly, she is a physical testament to a project that consumed the lives of 100 persons for two years. Inside a nearby shed one of her masts hangs on a rack. It's the one that broke in June and still bears marks of the aluminum bandages applied by a loyal work crew that spent many sleepness nights so that the yacht could race every day.

Ironically, in another rack on the opposite wall sits another mast, still in its plastic wrapping, a spare that arrived too late as the Canadians were eliminated in the semi-final round to select a challenger for the Cup.

At least Canada 1 did better than another 12-Metre resting near the spare Canadian mast—Advance, the Sydney yacht designed by Alan Payne that was the summer's disaster. The boat was such a dog that her crew painted a black snout on the bow of her white hull, to help her find her way around the course. Now she rests alone in shed 3, as though banished because of her ugliness. With her tiny keel and huge, reverse-canted rudder, Advance is undoubtedly the most ungainly 12-Metre built.

Or is she? A peek into shed 1 and a ghastly sight is revealed.

Shed 1 is the Madame Tussaud's of 12-Metres, a museum of defeat. Here under one roof are collected six 12-Metre yachts representing three countries, design technology from 1970 to the present, tens of millions of dollars of campaigning and a whole host of shattered dreams because every one is a loser.

Don Martin, an employee at the yard, identifies the dead with the ease of a morgue worker. He's a carpenter who doesn't have much truck with aluminum yachts and refers to Advance sardonically as "the fastest of them all."

Oldest among them is France, the first unsuccessful effort (of four) of Bic Pen manufacturer Baron Bich to lift the Cup. The boat looks like it is literally falling apart. There's a large crack all along the line where the keel is joined to the hull. The youngest is the U.S. yacht, Defender, still shiny and fresh from her unsuccessful attempt, under skipper Tom Blackaller, to win the right to defend the Cup this summer.

Perhaps she's just as well out of it. Defender's tactician Gary Jobson admitted that he was glad not to be sailing against Australia II, the current challenger that won Sunday by 3:14, the largest margin for a challenger since the Cup races were first sailed in 12s in 1958.

The only other design in the shed is Clipper, an unsuccessful defence candidate in 1980 that now boasts her home port of Edmonton on her transom. She was bought as a trial horse for Canada 1.

Three British yachts round out the cornucopia of failure. Lionheart is here, Ian Howlett's first attempt at a 12-Metre in 1980. If Payne's Advance looks ungainly, Howlett's Lionheart looks fat. How can you expect a 12-Metre to be fast when it looks as though it's about to give birth to a 6-Metre?

Howlett obviously went on a design diet for 1983 because Victory 83 looks much slimmer. In fact, she looks much like the yacht sitting beside her, Defender, which is perhaps why they are both in shed 1 instead of out on the race course. Rounding out the collection is Victory, an ill-fated 1982 British design that was scrapped last fall after it proved too slow to challenge for the

Cup. Victory is undistinguished except for having the dirtiest hull. It looks like it has been blessed by every sea gull on the East Coast.

At least the British shroud their corpses in canvas for comely dignity. The bones of Defender and Clipper are naked, on public display for all to see. It is a sad sight but then, it's always sad to visit a cemetery when someone you know is buried there.

Canadian Wasn't Alone in Spying on Australia II

NEWPORT, R.I.—"Keelgate" photographer Jim Johnston was not alone.

The *Globe and Mail* has obtained copies of photographs of the secret Australia II keel taken by a second member of the Canada 1 syndicate, who accompanied Mr. Johnston under the green tarpaulins that have shrouded the so-called super-keel since it arrived here at the end of May.

The second photographer escaped while an Australian syndicate security guard grappled with Mr. Johnston in the dirty waters of Newport Harbor at 6 a.m.

"Jimmy and I decided to go for a swim and see if we could take a look at the boat," said Deep Keel, who asked that his name not be revealed. "It wasn't sanctioned by anybody. Basically, he, myself and another guy knew about it and that was it." The third man drove the boat that delivered the two wetsuit-clad swimmers close to the Australian dock at Newport Offshore. When they were discovered, "he panicked and took off."

They took the pictures "just to prove to other people that we were there, really. We haven't done anything with them and we have no plans to do anything with them. We weren't going to design a new boat."

Deep Keel did not supply the photographs to the *Globe*; they were obtained by a friend of some syndicate members.

Many speculative diagrams have appeared during the summer but these are the first actual photographs of the completed keel that have surfaced.

One shows the front edge of the keel jutting forward against the backdrop of the security curtain. Also visible are the leading edges of the two wings that stick out sideways from the keel. It is these wings—which add greatly to the stability of the yacht—that caused a furor when the New York Yacht Club, owner of the America's Cup, claimed they were illegal.

One can also see the two-tone paint job. The bulbous front edge and the wings have been camouflaged with black paint so the outlines of the keel cannot be detected when the yacht leans to one side while sailing.

The second photo shows the rear of the keel with the two black wings sticking out like those of a delta-winged bomber. Deep Keel says the total "wing-span" at this point is about 5½ to six feet. Above the wings is the trim tab, a movable section at the rear of the keel that acts as a second rudder.

Australia II syndicate head Alan Bond said at the time that there was a second man in the water, but Canada 1 syndicate manager Doug Keary said that Mr. Johnston had acted alone.

"We never told Doug," Deep Keel said. "The syndicate panicked. It was a big international incident and Alan Bond was going to sue everybody . . . so I never spoke to Doug."

The conspirators were about as organized as average college pranksters. "We didn't even plan it out that well. It was just sort of contrived the night before. We had no equipment or anything like that. We had wetsuits and fins but we had no masks. We had to swim under a few boats and a few docks and I guess we had to swim for a couple of hundred yards to get to the boat and when we got there we were expecting to find the thing electrically wired like they said it was supposed to be. It wasn't, and so we just ducked under the skirt and saw the boat.

"Jimmy had a bit of a problem with his camera. It fogged up and he tried to clean it and almost dropped it and started making a couple of splashing noises and alerted the guard. He went tearing down the dock to wake up the guy who was sleeping on Black Swan—that's one of their tenders.

"We heard all kinds of commotion and we were getting out of there but when we got back to our rendezvous point (the driver) had taken off in a panic and we were just sort of sitting there, lame ducks in the water."

The two split up and swam under docks but Mr. Johnston was spotted in the increasing daylight. The Australian from Black Swan dived in after him and demanded the camera, which Mr. Johnston surrendered without a struggle.

"Jim went back to get his camera from this guy. . . . All he said was, 'I'm going to get the film out. You can't take pictures of our boat.' But the security guard made a big deal of it. He was sort of shaking up Jimmy and putting handcuffs on him and he had him down on the docks, frisking him.

"I just kept swimming away and going between boats and hid under this pier for about an hour or so until the heat was off because there were boats buzzing around the harbor with security guards and cops running around on the shore."

America's Cup Now Australia's

NEWPORT, R.I.—It is now Australia's Cup.

John Bertrand came from behind in Australia II yesterday to win by 41 seconds and end the 132-year hold of the United States on the America's Cup. It was the seventh and deciding race in what may have been the hardest fought series of match races in history as the Australians came back from a 3-1 disadvantage to win 4-3.

As the finish-line gun went off and the 25th defence became the first win by a challenger, Australian syndicate head Alan Bond, team manager Warren Jones and Ben Lexcen, designer of the famous winged keel, clambered into a small rubber boat and braved a horrible chop, whipped up by an ecstatic spectator fleet, to congratulate Mr. Bertrand and his whooping crew. There were hugs, handshakes, backslaps and cans of Australian beer all round as the tow boat, Black Swan, towed the white-hulled champion into Newport.

"It is the happiest day of my life," said Mr. Bond after the traditional post-race dunking in Newport harbor. The Perth entrepreneur has spent 12 years and an estimated $16-million trying to win the Cup.

Royal Perth Yacht Club commodore Peter Dalziell announced that the first challenge would be accepted for 1987 or 1988, and Liberty syndicate manager Ed Dumolin said the Americans would go for it again. Mr. Bond promised that it would continue to be called the America's Cup.

The Cup will be presented at around noon today.

Last night, after a suitable amount of "Show us the keel" chanting from an adoring crowd of thousands, Mr. Bond ordered the security curtains that have hidden her from all but Australian and Canadian eyes this summer to be lowered.

There she stood. with wings revealed, her camouflage makeup showing, while fans in small boats underneath caressed her nether parts and hysterical Australians above sprayed her topsides with champagne. Magnums of it, swooshing around like water from a dozen hoses. But then, how often do you win the America's Cup for the first time?

Mr. Bond brought his entire syndicate with him to share in the glory and, while obviously happy, the 35 Australians were restrained and Mr. Bond, who has been argumentative in the past, was statesmanlike in issuing "an open invitation to the people of Newport and America to come down and try to win it back again."

"This is something that has been a dream for me, for Roz, and for the children. Right now, I feel very humble and very proud," Mr. Bertrand said.

"This night really belongs to Alan Bond," said losing skipper Dennis Conner. "The race today was very exciting and it was exhilarating to be a part of it."

Mr. Bond said it was a tribute to the free world that he and his group could come to the United States and compete on an equal level.

The turning point of the race came on the fifth leg of the course, the dead run downwind, which all summer has supposedly been Australia II's weakest point of sail. Perhaps that was true against the challengers' fleet, but it was not so against Liberty.

Australia II started the run 57 seconds behind. There was nothing subtle about the way it took over the lead—it simply sailed faster and more directly to the next mark. Three-quarters of the way down the 4.5-mile leg Australia II was ahead. Liberty started a gybing duel but to no avail and the Aussies rounded the last mark before the finish with a 21-second lead, a net gain of 1:18 on the leg.

"It was very frustrating for us, of course, but there was not much we could do about it," Mr. Conner said.

Mr. Conner didn't give up. He started the toughest tacking duel of the series, 45 tacks, including a false tack when Liberty pretended to tack to port then went back on to starboard. Australia II was almost caught by the fake, wobbling with sails flapping for a moment, but finally going through with her tack. The quick-tacking Aussie yacht quickly flopped back on port tack to continue her close cover of Liberty all the way to the finish.

"Today, Australia was just a better boat and beat us," Mr. Conner said.

Mr. Bertrand had obviously learned his lesson from his disastrous first windward leg when he threw away the lead by failing to cover Mr. Conner.

The Perth 12-Metre crossed in front of Liberty twice on the first windward leg of the 24.3-mile long course. The first time Mr. Bertrand tacked to cover his opponent but the second time he let Mr. Conner go. For three minutes the two yachts split tacks and when they came back together, Liberty had caught up.

Mr. Bertrand tacked under Liberty's lee bow and forced Mr. Conner to tack away to starboard. When Liberty tacked back to port a minute later, Mr. Conner was on the inside of a wind shift and pulled ahead to lead by 29 seconds at the first windward mark.

The defender stretched her lead to 45 seconds at the gybe mark but the challenger fought back on the second reaching leg to close the gap to 23 seconds.

Mr. Bertrand did not start a tacking duel on the second windward leg and Mr. Conner maintained only a loose cover. At times the yachts split tacks and headed in opposite directions looking for wind shifts. Mr. Conner won that game, stretching his lead to 57 seconds, a lead that looked insurmountable as the dead run started.

But nothing has been certain in this extraordinary series. Yesterday's race was the third time in seven races that a yacht has come from behind to win. That is almost unprecedented in match racing but then a victory for the challenger *is* unprecedented.

The race started after one aborted start and a 35-minute wait for the wind to settle down to a reasonably steady southerly breeze of about 8 knots. Spectators shivered during the delay in 15-degree temperatures and many stayed home, reducing the fleet to about 250 boats. The summer of the 12s had turned to fall at last.

The pre-start manoeuvres were the most cautious of the entire series. Neither skipper wanted to lose the America's Cup on a protest.

The Man Who Lost the America's Cup

NEWPORT, R.I.—"We had no excuse to lose," Dennis Conner said last night, his voice cracking with emotion, after losing the America's Cup for the first time. It was, perhaps, an unconscious echo of the title of the book he wrote about his distinguished sailing career—*No Excuse To Lose.*

That has been this 41-year-old's credo for years: Be so well-prepared that you must win because you have left nothing out, you have no excuse.

"And there's no reason for any American to feel that we're in any position but No. 1," he added in a rush as his emotions overcame his voice.

Conner, who had given a brief description of the seventh race, then left the press conference, refusing to answer any questions. His problem is that, while he may still believe his country is No. 1, he has to come to terms with the fact that he is now No. 2.

This is a man who takes his patriotism seriously, who gives his yachts names such as Freedom, Liberty and Spirit of America. There can be no doubt that the man who walked alone out of the stone armory on Thames Street in downtown Newport, under the banner held by screaming fans that said "America's Cup" in the green and gold lettering of Western Australia, and into the cool fall night was truly ashamed.

Why? Because, while Australia II skipper John Bertrand will be known hereafter as the first non-American to win the Cup, which U.S. yachts have kept for 132 years, Conner will now always be known as The Man Who Lost the America's Cup.

When a man invests three years of his life, builds three new yachts and spends untold millions of dollars to protect what is to yachting America a Holy Grail, then loses three races in a row to the upstart Australians, that man walks away humiliated.

When a man whose whole ego rests on his sailing accomplishments yields the most prized U.S. yachting treasure, that man is truly shattered. He wore his jaunty New York Yacht Club hat to the press conference and smiled a ghastly smile, but Conner probably will not return to the race course for a long time.

The sad irony is that Conner may have done it to himself; he may have fired the shot into the foot to cripple a campaign that eventually sank under its own weight. There is a case to be made that he spent so much time tinkering with toys, new hulls, new sails and even new weights for the yacht he finally chose that he lost sight of the real purpose of the exercise, to win the best four out of seven boat races.

In his defence, it can also be argued that advances in U.S. design have become inbred, that for all the tinkering there haven't been any true advances since Courageous, a yacht launched in 1974 that was still extremely competitive this summer.

In contrast, the Australians haven't tried endless refinements on proved designs. Yacht designers such as Ben Lexcen and Alan Payne have experimented with what some people thought were wild and crazy ideas. They have come up with some clunkers such as Payne's Advance, the whipping boy of the 12-Metre fleet this summer, but they have also produced, in Lexcen's winged-keel Australia II, a genuine breakthrough in design technology.

Sailmaker Tom Schnackenberg also astounded the Americans with his innovative designs and use of space-age fabrics. The ultimate compliment came when the U.S. yachts started sporting sails cut the same way as Australia II's.

But hull and sails are only two-thirds of the combination. The human element makes up the third and longest side of the triangle. And that is where the hairiest eyeball must be cast. Conner's crew was experienced but proved itself no better than the Australians. It is hard to tell from a distance sometimes when watching 12-Metres how one crew compares to another—yachting lacks the multiple TV cameras and slow-motion instant replays of football, but one quantifiable area is spinnaker hoists, when an observer can time how long it takes for the sail to be raised and filled. In the seven-race series, the Australians were never slower, they were always at least as fast, and perhaps a third of the time they were faster. That is the kind of edge, like the ability to win faceoffs consistently in hockey, that makes a winning team.

The biggest criticism against Conner is his self-confidence, which borders on arrogance. Earlier this summer, he said, "We'll win four straight and by bigger margins than last time." (Conner won the 1980 America's Cup 4-1 against the first Australia.)

This self-assurance can sometimes lead Conner to despise an opponent to such an extent that he will hold a course longer than he should because he is convinced he is right and the opponent must be an idiot.

The best example of how that attitude can backfire comes from John Whidden, tactician on Liberty. While the press may talk about "lucky" wind shifts that people notice too late to do anything about, the fact is that on modern 12-Metres, with their computers, Loran and radio direction finders, the two yachts know precisely their relationship to the other at all times.

On the first windward leg of the sixth race, the race that tied the series at 3-3, Liberty was ahead, but Australia II caught a wind shift and started to catch up. Navigator Halsey Herreshoff, whose grandfather built six defenders and himself a six-time crew member, took bearings on Australia II, keeping track of her relationship to Liberty.

Whidden started a countdown of how long Liberty had left when she could still tack and cover Australia II.

Conner kept steering the yacht to the right side of the course, convinced that he would find a "knock," a shift that, when he tacked, would put him ahead.

Whidden kept counting down and, when he got to zero, there was dead silence on Liberty. After a couple of minutes, Conner asked, "Well, anybody got any ideas?" Dead silence again.

The knock never came. Australia II went on to win by 3:25, the worst thrashing any challenger has administered to a defender.

Conner waited too long in the utter conviction that he was right. He flew high and he paid the price.

Interview with Robert Martin

You have an M.A. in Theatre Studies. These stories are not only an absorbing account of a sports event of interest to millions of people but also, I thought, rather elegant descriptions of basic human drama—triumphs, victories, but also with a strong element of tragedy.

An element of tragedy? Well, certainly the Canadian campaign was tragic in that it started out with the best of ideals and went downhill from there. But when it came to the finals, the Australians versus the Americans, I thought that was quite positive. I thought it was healthy on both sides that the Australians won, finally.

When I was down there writing about the Canadian campaign it was not a pleasant time for me, personally. The campaign was suffering from lack of money and some organizational problems—they felt that the press should be as positive as possible toward them, and I felt my job as a reporter was to tell what was really going on. On the first of July, an unfortunate date, I published an article stating categorically that the Canadians could not possibly win the America's Cup, and I stated why. Then the same day, I went back to Newport—I'd written the article in Toronto—and went to the Canadian camp, where one of the syndicate members tore a strip off me in front of everybody in the camp, and then things got worse from then on.

What did he say?

Oh, he said that I had caused them to lose a one-hundred-thousand-dollar contribution because of the article. That they had somebody teetering on the edge and this body—I don't think it was a person, I think it was an organization or company—decided to pull out. I don't know whether or not that was true, but that was what he believed. So I was treated as a pariah by many members of the syndicate for the rest of the summer.

These people were, at this stage, pretty obsessed and angry. So how did you deal with them?

Well, I went around them. You know. As I explained to Geoffrey Stevens, who's now the managing editor, but was then the sports editor, these people are trying to cut me out. And he said, well, I spent eight years in Ottawa, and Pierre Trudeau wouldn't talk to me—so deal with it. So I dealt with it. It was the people in the syndicate who were the most difficult. The sailors themselves, who just wanted to go sailing and win races, they were a lot easier to deal with. So I just tried to talk to them. I mean, that's basically what I was there to do. To write about the racing. I would just as soon have left the politics and the economics alone, except that they forced themselves upon the story.

How long were you there altogether? The whole span. I know you were back and forth.

From June 18th to September 27th or 28th, I guess. I think the longest break I got was three weeks in August. Once the Canadians had been eliminated, we decided not to bother covering the final elimination trials between the Australians and the British. So that gave me three weeks off.

Nuts and bolts things. How did you go about establishing yourself at Newport?

In the springtime I just got some bumf from the Newport tourist people and phoned a few tourist homes until I found one that I liked. I got myself a suite in an old house. I didn't want to stay in a hotel, because I know being in one hotel room can drive you crazy after a while. So I had a place that had a living room and a little dining area, which I actually used as my workroom. And a kitchenette where I stored beer and goodies to eat, and then I could leave all that and go into the bedroom to sleep, and that helped to keep me sane.

The routine of covering the story. How did it work?

Okay. Get up and get down to the waterfront about nine o'clock in the morning with gear. You know, sailing gear and notebooks, and sometimes I carry a camera, to wait for a ride—a boat to take you out onto the water. Then you go out on the water—and it took about an hour to get out to the course, depending on where they set it. Sit around there and wait for the wind to fill in. Races usually started at eleven or twelve o'clock, depending on how many races they had to get in on one day. You'd watch the races all afternoon; get back to the dock around five or six o'clock, depending on how late they were running; write the story; file it. I had a bubble, a portable terminal that I'd use to phone the stories in with. File that; go back down to the docks; do some interviews; come back to the house; do updates on the stories with quotes. And then if there were any protest meetings, I'd go and hang around in the hall outside the protest room and wait for the results of that. And then file those and update the story.

That's a long day.

Oh, yeah. If there were protests, it could go on till eleven o'clock at night, midnight, around there. And they also ran seven days a week.

You're a sailor yourself.

Yes. I have an Albacore, which is a fifteen-foot long dinghy, two-man dinghy. That's about all I can afford as a reporter. And occasionally I sail on larger boats with rich people. Thirty- or forty-footers, that sort of thing. They have a crew on them.

The boats that you caught to go out, did you have to hire the boat or did you have an arrangement with somebody?

I just sort of got it wherever I could. The Canadians occasionally had a boat that you could go out on, their official tender, which was allowed to follow the boats, and occasionally when I was in the good graces of the syndicate they'd let me go out on that. And then I'd write something and be kicked off.

During this time did you become somewhat depressed by the fact that you were isolated?

Oh, yeah. I got very depressed at times, because I'm normally a friendly person, but I couldn't let myself become part of the team, which is the way that they obviously wanted to do it. In fact, I'm not a sports writer, and I learned a lot about the pressures that are placed on sports writers during last summer, because it is quite obvious that the guys want you to be on the team and to, you know, drink beer with them and then write nice things about them. And I wouldn't do that, because I felt I had to retain some distance and some objectivity, and I paid the price for it.

This happens a lot to sports writers on your paper. It seems to me Strachan gets into trouble with the hockey team.

Yes, we've had several people kicked out of the Gardens. It's almost like a badge now, you know. You can't be any good if you haven't been kicked out of the Gardens.

Is it possible to have amicable relationships between a sports reporter and a team?

It depends on the individuals. As I said, a lot of the sailors were quite realistic about it. They realized how good they were and what their limitations were, and they were willing to talk and to deal with them. They are quite intelligent people. None of them are numb-numbs. They are kind of like baseball players, I suppose, in that ballplayers tend to take a philosophical view of their sport as well. They have the time to sit around and think about it. And these guys did as well. So they were fine to deal with. It was the people who were in charge of the organization and who were desperately scrambling for funds who got pretty upset.

On sports coverage generally—it sometimes seems to me that sports occupies a remarkably large proportion of a newspaper.

Well, in terms of the *Globe and Mail*, I don't think that we have excessive sports coverage. I sometimes feel that we spend too much time on teams like the Leafs, who really don't merit that much coverage. But in terms of general sports coverage, I don't think that we have an excessive amount in comparison to the amount of news that we carry in the front section of the newspaper. I think it's pretty balanced.

You cover sailing on a regular basis. Or you have done.

Up until last summer I had a once-a-week column. Then when I went down to Newport and covered the yacht races it was just sort of daily coverage. And since then I got kind of burned out, so I let the column slide for a while, and I've decided now that I'll just cover sailing as hard news. When something important and newsworthy happens, then I'll write about it. But I don't really feel the need to have a weekly column; part of the reason for having it in the first place was to establish that the *Globe* was covering yacht racing and that people could find regular news about it in the paper. I think we've established that now, so we don't need that kind of regularity any more.

It sometimes seems to me that the professional teams and the newspapers form almost a marketing cycle and that on the other hand a lot of sports that people get involved in are covered very spottily. What do you think?

I think that we sometimes do spend too much time and give too much attention to the professional sports, and I would like to see more coverage of amateur sports. Part of the difficulty, of course, is it's a lot easier to cover pro sports, because they set themselves up in such a way as to help reporters do their jobs. Amateur sports are not set up the same way. Often I've felt like an investigative reporter trying to get the results of a regatta. It's annoying.

What do you think readers are looking for in sports coverage? Why do they read it?

Everybody loves a winner. And people want to read about winners.

Your stories had an extra dramatic element, the cloak-and-dagger stuff—Keelgate. Can you tell me how you came upon Deep Keel and how all that took place.

I had heard rumors, after Jim Johnston was caught under the keel and arrested, that there had been a second photographer and that there were pictures. Alan Bond had claimed that at the time, and finally about a week before the final was over I got confirmation that these pictures did exist, and so after that it was a matter of timing and luck, which is often the way these things go.

I had a wild weekend in Newport. On the Friday before the seventh and final race I had lunch with a couple of guys. One of them was a team member, and the other one was an Olympic sailor who was down visiting him. We had lunch and I said, "Tell me about these photographs." So they said, "Oh yeah, Binky has them over in a boat in the harbor." So I hired a water taxi and went over and saw Binky, who was a boat boy, a professional hand on a Canadian-owned yacht in Newport harbor. We sat around and talked for a while, and he gave me the pictures. Meantime, the two friends that I had lunch with showed up in their boat, so they gave me a ride back to shore, and they landed me on a dock about fifty feet away from Alan Bond's headquarters. So there I was with the pictures of his keel stuffed up under my sweater. It was all quite fun.

Then I phoned Geoff Stevens and told him that I had the pictures. The final race was supposed to be the next day, the Saturday. There was no way I could get him the pictures for Saturday's paper without putting them on the wire and blowing our cover. We don't publish Sunday. I said, "I'll come home Sunday, and I'll do these as a postscript to the whole thing. Here's the keel that won the race sort of thing, or lost, or whatever." He said sure. Saturday, there wasn't enough wind, so they postponed. Sunday, Dennis Conner called for a lay day—that's a day off—and that meant that the seventh race wasn't going to take place until Monday.

So the timing suddenly changed. All of a sudden I was sitting on the only known pictures of the keel, and the America's Cup was still going on. So I caught a plane back from Boston to Toronto on Sunday. I had found out who had taken the pictures, so I phoned him when I hit the newsroom. Phoned him, got him cleaning out his grandfather's house in Montreal; interviewed him; wrote the story; caught a plane back to Boston. I was only in Toronto for about three hours. And went and covered the final race the next day. So we had the pictures in the paper the Monday of the final race.

Beautiful timing! What was the impact down there?

Oh, everybody was jealous as hell.

By this time, no one could be angry with you for running the pictures. It couldn't affect the racing.

No. Bond didn't mind that. It was far too late in the game.

Basically all it did was prove that the Canadians had actually got some pictures of the keel, and it showed the keel. I suppose it would have had more impact if Bond hadn't ordered the keel revealed the night that he won. I asked him about it afterward, and he said that originally he had planned to reveal the keel later on with appropriate ceremony, because he had sold exclusive rights to the story to Rupert Murdoch [the Australian publisher who owns newspapers throughout the English-speaking world].

You mean you beat Murdoch!

Yeah! But in the heat of the moment after winning the final race he let them unveil it.

That was a good finish for you after a miserable time.

That was the good part. The final races were exciting, and it was nice just to be able to write about the races and not have to write about the tragic aspects of the Canadian campaign. And it was fun to get a world exclusive.

So that probably gave you the most satisfaction.

Quite definitely. Until, of course, winning the prize, which I enjoyed because I think I can state with complete certainty that it's the only time in the history of the National Newspaper Awards that anybody has won a sports writing award for writing about yachting.

The paper has established itself as having a serious interest in yachting and sailing. In your coverage you've obviously come to a conscious decision not to talk down to the readers. You are also using a certain amount of technical language on the assumption that it's clear to a non-sailor.

It's been an evolution over the last few years, because I've been writing about sailing for the *Globe* since 1979. It was an evolution on two counts. One for the readership and one for the desk in the sports department, because they know perhaps less about sailing than the people the column was directed to. So I started off very simply. Every time I talked about a tack the first time, I mentioned that it meant the boat went through the eye of the wind. And after a few years of that, I started leaving out the explanations. I figured that if baseball writers and football writers can use all sorts of jargon about, you know, popping one into the high corner on the stick side—they don't explain what that means—that after a while I shouldn't have to explain that as well. So by the time last summer rolled around I was able to use a few technical terms, and I had developed a kind of shorthand for descriptions of yacht races that I thought made it intelligible to the average reader as well as to the expert sailor.

The Dennis Conner story is beautifully done. I had a vivid picture of this man in my mind, partly because I felt the extent of the badness connected with being Conner was greater than the extent of the win for the other skipper. You had some sympathy with this arrogant man, I thought. Is that true?

Yeah. It's hard not to feel sorry for him, because I think that he can't hide his personality problems as well as other people can. I always think that, for instance, politicians are driven by some sort of inadequacy in their youth, but they manage to hide it under a façade, whereas Conner didn't have that kind of professional veneer. He was pretty upfront—as most sailors are, I think.

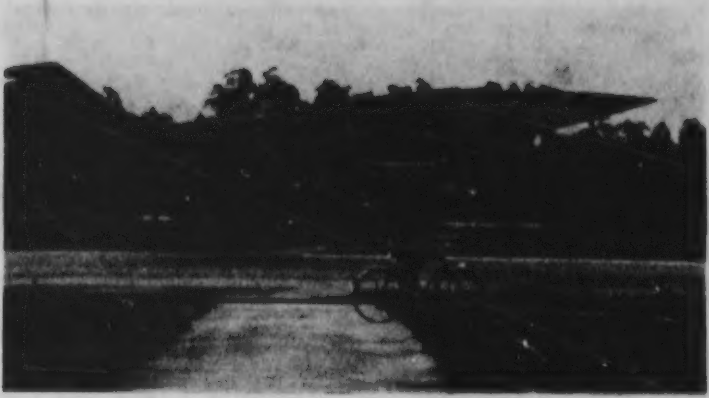
It was written more from the heart than the head, because after I wrote the front-page story on what had happened during the race, sports said, "We've got to have an analysis of Dennis Conner, and we've got to have it fast." So I just sat down, and I cranked out about a thousand words in an hour, and by the time I'd finished the story, I didn't know what I had said at the top. And I just filed it and fled, because I had to get down to the docks and do some more coverage and updates and things like that, so it was strictly a gut reaction to a summer with Dennis Conner.

Feature Photography

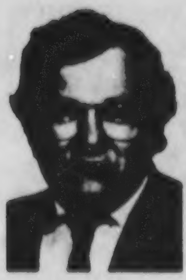
Veronica Milne, Toronto Sun

Veronica Milne is 25, but she says her life "really only began five years ago." That was when she graduated from a lab technician course at Sheridan College, Brampton, Ontario. She trained as a medical photographer at the University of Florida's Department of Orthopedics, taking pictures of freeze-dried bone in an experimental surgery program and spending her evenings in the hospital darkroom. Returning to Canada, she found work in a commercial photo lab and in 1981 joined the *Toronto Sun*, where she is a darkroom technician. During the last few years, she says, "I have inched my way into whatever freelance work I could find."

In September of 1983, she decided to take a week of her vacation to work on a photo spread in West Germany. While scouting locations on a Canadian forces air base she noticed the squadron commander, who was pedalling by on his bicycle, wave to one of his squadron's pilots who was taking off in a CF-104 Starfighter jet. The resulting photograph, which the *Sun* published in color, was commended by the judges as "a stimulating visual record of Canada's Starfighter pilots in Europe." The editor who nominated her for the award said: "Her quick response to the situation gave us a classic man-machine picture."



Allan Fotheringham, Southam News



Allan Fotheringham, according to Allan Fotheringham, "is a short, fat, mild-mannered chap" who until recently wrote a column for Southam News from alternate bases in Vancouver and Ottawa. "The weather is preferable in Vancouver," he explained, "but the government is situated in Ottawa." Wherever Fotheringham's rounded body is situated, one suspects that his flinty satirist's heart is located in the capital on the Rideau whose political gossip, according to the NNA judges, "he elevates to a fine art, or at least a popular art."

Fotheringham did his first journalism for the *Chilliwack Progress* when he was in high school. He edited the U.B.C. student paper and on graduation in 1954 became a sports writer on the *Vancouver Sun*. He spent three years in Europe, part of it at Reuters in Fleet Street. After stints as a *Sun* travel columnist, waterfront reporter, editorial writer and op-ed page editor, he started writing a daily column in 1968. He began his national column with FP Publications in 1979 and moved it to Southam News in 1980, where he has been writing three columns a week along with a weekly essay for *Maclean's* magazine. His latest move is to Washington to write a "Letter from America" for the Southam newspapers.

The judges commended his political columns "above all for their originality." They added: "He often abandons political argument, or even philosophy, in favor of caricature. He is indeed a verbal cartoonist. He pounces upon the vulnerabilities of government or politicians, pinning down perceived weaknesses with picturesque—picaresque—phrasemaking. . . . He is almost unfailingly entertaining, if one is not the object of his devastation."

Fleet Street's Reptiles Find Victim

OTTAWA—It would not be a Royal Tour, really, without some sermons to the colonials from the hired hacks of Grub Street.

The cottage industry known as the Royals would not be complete without a manufactured crisis created by the pack journalists from London, redolent with breathless prose, weighed-down with the burden of exclamation marks.

So things are slow in the trade, the usual regiments of school children marched out to emit the usual excited yelps about the radiant Princess Di.

We must have a story, a different story, and so Premier Richard Hatfield of New Brunswick becomes the one-edition wonder.

The tabloids of Fleet Street, written for people who can't read, have been having a ball making fun of Hatfield, who just happens to be the No. 1 monarchist (if you leave Charlie Lynch aside) in Canada.

Hatfield's sin?

He told the Prince and Princess of Wales: "We have heard and read the lies. . . . it is wonderful to meet and know the truth."

All he was saying was that Canadians have watched from afar the imaginative piffle that passes for news in the London penny press about the Royal couple and it was nice, meeting them in person, to see there was no truth to it.

The point is that much of Fleet Street does lie. About the couple splitting, about Di being pregnant or not pregnant, fainting from dieting, supposedly suffering from anorexia nervosa, about the alleged revelations of departed chamber maids, footmen and stable-cleaners.

Anyone who has observed the dregs of Fleet Street at first hand understands fully why the number of newspapers in the greatest town on earth is shrinking: The appeal at the lower end of the scale is to morons and mouth-breathers.

London produces the best newspapers in the English-speaking world—and the worst, sheets owned by millionaires that appal any Canadian raised on a high-school education.

They are papers aimed at pigeon-racers and charwomen, pap for the mind and sawdust for the soul.

The practitioners of t-and-a journalism can't take a little home truth from the much-travelled Hatfield, a sentimental sort, so they ridicule him because he made "a toast to love" in saluting the happy young couple.

They refer to his "nickname" of Disco Dick, a moniker never heard of before in Canada and one invented on the spur of the moment among the Royal press entourage.

These are the same masters of jingoism, you'll recall, who turned the Gilbert-and-Sullivan Falklands farce into high entertainment that catered to the latent nasty (The wogs start at Calais) underlay to the British character.

These are the craftsmen of journalism who recorded the deaths of 368 Argentinian sailors in the sinking of the Gen. Belgrano cruiser (36 miles outside the blockade zone) with the gleeful headline GOTCHA! in giant type.

These are the people who manufacture quotes (gormless soccer players talking like Oxford dons) and who are the inventors of cheque-book journalism, offering boodle to relatives of the Yorkshire Ripper and even the august (though Murdoch-owned) *Sunday Times* getting suckered for $400,000 on the fake Hitler diaries.

The new search for voyeurism transferred is the Lady Di industry and hordes of Brits, some of whom can spell and some of whom can't, roam the world in pursuit of her like a pack of semi-literate hyenas.

The tabloid hacks on this tour are referred to, by reporters from the London quality papers, as "the reptiles."

It's a useful term, highly descriptive. Hatfield was their first victim, in their hunting expedition among the colonials, and he won't be the last.

Moralist Lalonde Sinned—Honestly

VANCOUVER—The key to the character of Marc Lalonde is what he found when he first began taking the train from Montreal to Ottawa to do legal work for the government.

He found the conductors on the publicly owned CN train couldn't speak French and the security guards in Parliament couldn't converse with him in his own language.

Marc Lalonde set out with Pierre Trudeau to set that situation aright.

Between 1969, when the Official Languages Act became law, and 1979 the percentage of francophones in decent jobs in the federal civil service went from 10 to 25 per cent.

Today (due in part to Trudeau alienating most of western Canada) all the key jobs in the cabinet are held by men from Quebec.

Trudeau is PM. Lalonde is finance minister. Jean Chrétien is energy minister. Jean-Luc Pépin is transport minister. In addition, Jeanne Sauvé is Commons Speaker and Jean Marchand is Speaker of the Senate.

Marc Lalonde is most of all a moralist, someone who in the words of Christina McCall-Newman has the "self-confident piety of the worker priest he might have become."

Lalonde's moral imperatives are as deeply rooted as Trudeau's icy Jesuitical mind, but their lives could not be more different.

Lalonde went to a one-room schoolhouse on an island in the St. Lawrence from the farm that has been home to his family through five generations.

The only member of his family ever to go to university, after Oxford he embraced the youth arm of the reformist L'Action Catholique and spent volunteer time amidst poverty in India.

He is not even really "political," in the old sense of the word.

He worked for Davie Fulton, the brightest and most polished of the Tory flowers—he was interviewed by talent-spotter Fulton the same day as Michael Pitfield.

Lalonde's passion is in getting on with the job, and therein lie his troubles in the current sad Commons tableau.

As personally honest as the day is long, he has never bothered to hang a single painting or wall adornment in the spare Ottawa apartment he retreats to only for sleep after 15-hour days.

The Ottawa press corps has long been appreciative of the fact that for their amusement he always has the most attractive and liveliest female aides on Parliament Hill, though he is a devout family man who retreats every weekend to his wife and soul-restoring earthy roots near Montreal.

A man, in McCall-Newman's lovely words, who has "a face as long as Lent," in private he is a delightful dinner companion whose laugh and unending grin light up the table.

Last week's sulphurous exchanges in the Commons reveal the unfortunate flaw.

It is that because he asserts he is personally honest—and he is—nothing he could have done could possibly be wrong.

There is in that assertion the basis of the fervent reformist Catholic conviction that pushed Lalonde into active politics in the first place.

Unfortunately, there is the overlay of the Liberal arrogance that, since they stride the bicultural nature of the country like no other party, they have the forgiveness of divine rule.

(There is also a tinge, even more unfortunate, of inferences of racism—"Frog-bashing"—going back to Erik Nielsen's early reputation as to what he did to the tragic Guy Favreau and a brilliant, wasted man, Maurice Lamontagne.)

There is no doubt any longer that the confident establishment figure of Alastair Gillespie never gave it a second thought when he penned his celebrated "Dear Mickey" letter to Lalonde's right-hand man (thought of as the most competent in Ottawa) Mickey Cohen.

He obviously didn't understand—or care about guidelines. It was the responsibility of Lalonde's end to care. They didn't. They goofed up.

Lalonde, as he says, has "done nothing wrong." But he made a mistake. As the recipient of entreaties, he violated the guidelines.

Because of that, he has hurt the credibility of his coming budget, of investor confidence, of the Canadian economy.

It's ironic that *because* he's not really a politician, because he relies on personal morals, in the end he doesn't really understand the morals required of government.

Israel's Moral Responsibility a Lesson for Canada

VANCOUVER—A few years back, my buddy Bob Lewis and I were seated in a Jerusalem sidewalk café over breakfast, watching the passing parade.

"Look at their eyes," he said of the Israelis walking off to work. "Notice something different?"

I allowed as how I had never seen people with such strong faces, the first impression that hits any visitor to that valiant little nation.

"That's because," he explained, "every single person in this country awakes in the morning and knows that he or she that day may be killed—and is prepared to kill."

That's the best explanation I've ever heard to explain the personality of Israel—the most fascinating country in the world to visit today, a fascination composed of the factors of our biblical heritage, history, topographical beauty, world politics and, to be honest, the tingle of danger.

Last week's events offer further proof why Israel, a tiny spot on the map with a tiny population of four million, barely two-thirds that of Ontario, so dominates the headlines.

There's a moral authority involved there that makes countries such as this mewling and puking babe of Canada seem so primitive and callow as to be barely out of the bush—as of course it is.

But the marrow of what has distinguished the Ariel Sharon affair goes beyond mere immaturity and bush. It's a matter of integrity.

Israel was shocked by the implications of the Beirut massacre of Palestinian civilians in the Sabra and Chatilla refugee camps.

There was no suggestion that Israeli troops (in what man for man is probably the most formidable fighting force in the world) were involved.

But the responsibility had to be determined, and the buck had to stop at the top.

Defence Minister Sharon, a war hero, a former chief-of-staff of the incredibly efficient Israeli armed forces that have the massed Arab nations in constant fright, was quickly put on what amounted to a global public trial.

The Kahan commission, composed of three judicial and public figures of impeccable reputation, was swift and unsparing in its verdict.

Not only Sharon but four top military officers (in an endangered enclave that must be prepared to kill or be killed every day) had their careers ruined by the verdict that they should have been more vigilant as to possibilities when the crazies of the Lebanese Phalangists were given "open sesame" to the refugee camps.

The Kahan commission, reacting to the horror of the Israeli population and the backlash of world opinion, was asserting that the moral authority associated with a country not a third the age of Canada must be emphasized.

It's a pertinent and sobering message as it applies to the government now in power in Canada that has become not only arrogant but—even worse—sloppy in the realm of ethics, uncaring in the world of moral responsibility.

Britain's Lord Carrington, the most respected and valuable member of Maggie Thatcher's government, resigned over the Falklands conflict—simply because he decided he should have realized sooner that the Argentines were serious in their intention to seize the symbolic islands.

He understands what the Israelis understand. The buck has to stop somewhere and a man of honor is prepared to put his country ahead of his own ambitions.

In this country, there has not been a single minister in the 15 Trudeau years who has resigned as a matter of principle of alleged wrongdoing.

Those who quit—the Hellyers, Turners, Kierans, Mackaseys—did so because they disagreed on matters of policy with the master.

Those forced to resign, because of their sloppiness, stupidity or cupidity—the Foxes, Munros, Ouelletts—simply wait in the cloakroom until they are invited back in, forgiven, forgotten.

The Israeli prime minister before Menachem Begin, Yitzhak Rabin, was brought down simply because it was discovered his wife—contrary to Israeli law that forbids citizens from taking money out of the country—had a piddling $2,000 in a New York bank account.

It was minor, no doubt accidental. But the law prevails.

It's why there is such contempt in this land for the Trudeau government (and the despair over the Tory-Clark suicidal fumbles).

This government has no moral authority.

Old Boys Help Bryce

OTTAWA—The two best examples of the cozy Old Boys' clubs that defile and insult our society are the House of Commons and the banks. The best example we have had in a long time of the way they operate is in the Bryce Mackasey case.

It is essentially protect your own, cover your ass, the hell with the public and scratch each other's back. It is hard to judge who was the most hypocritical in this astounding caper: The lily-livered MPs or the unctuous world of banking. It is easy to understand why the public has every right to be cynical about both.

Members of the Commons privileges and elections committee grunted nervously and came forth with an opinion that the *Montreal Gazette* damaged the Liberal MP's reputation and the privileges of the Commons by reporting allegations that Mackasey was a paid lobbyist. What a load of codswallop. What an indictment of the sleazy practices of the Bank of Montreal—which the committee failed to mention in its embarrassingly short report.

The question remains: Why cannot me and thee, when we trot into the bank's local branch, get the lenient financial treatment that was granted Mackasey, an MP, a former chairman of Air Canada and a former cabinet minister who has been lobbying to get back into the Trudeau cabinet and may just possibly be in on future banking legislation?

The story is familiar. The *Gazette* (which was looking for something else) found that, by the autumn of 1981, Bryce Mackasey had run up some $625,000 in debts, presumably in bad stock investments. Mackasey, son of a railroader, has never had any real money of his own and, his chances of returning to the cabinet appearing slim, apparently gambled on a stock market that subsequently fell to pieces.

The friendly Bank of Montreal, the *Gazette* discovered, loaned $400,000 to a numbered company, 109609 Canada Ltd. The loan was guaranteed by Les Ateliers d'Usinage Hall Ltée, a

Montreal machine tooling firm.

The *Gazette* reported that Robert Harrison, an accountant and president of the Montreal Board of Trade, told a bankruptcy court that Mackasey was acting as a paid lobbyist for Les Ateliers. Les Ateliers was paying roughly $7,500 a month to 109609—which was about the monthly payments on the loan. Harrison said Mackasey owned 109609.

On Oct. 27, 1981, Mackasey wrote to his fellow Liberal, Supply and Services Minister Jean-Jacques Blais, on behalf of Les Ateliers, which was seeking federal contracts. On Nov. 27, 1981, the $400,000 was deposited into Mr. Mackasey's account.

Here, clearly, was an MP with serious money problems. The official court record has Harrison testifying that the MP was a paid lobbyist—a criminal offence in Canada.

That's what the *Gazette* reported, doing what a good newspaper is supposed to—tell the public what is said under oath about public servants (just as it reported that formal charges against Mackasey were thrown out in a preliminary hearing).

And how did Mackasey pay back the $400,000 to the Bank of Montreal? Harrison gave him a cheque for $400,000 for his faded stock portfolio, by this time worth some $178,000.

Did the Bank of Montreal suggest naughty, naughty? Never. Mackasey is known throughout politics and journalism for the passionate pleading he can do on his own behalf.

The public relations assistant to Bank of Montreal president Bill Mulholland is Dick O'Hagan, a former Lester Pearson and Pierre Trudeau press secretary known for his loyalty to old friends.

Mackasey, as time wore on, was some six months in arrears on his repayments. One straightforward chap at the bank recommended that it go after his house, his pension, his salary—as the loving, kind Bank of Montreal would do to me and thee. Instead? A vice-president was put in charge of the delicate situation.

The whole thing defies logic. Why would 109609 (on a guarantee from Les Ateliers) pay $400,000 for a stock portfolio that was worth less than half that?

The *Gazette* held back the story to give Mackasey and Harrison a chance to explain their side of the affair. They declined.

Mackasey has never sued the *Gazette*, relying instead on the belief that the chummy club of MPs would come down on his side. He did not miscalculate.

The 10-member committee, after seven months of "investigation," came out with a tortuous, vague, on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand report that was arrived at, admitted Tory MP Chuck Cook, "by exhaustion as much as anything."

Only the NDP's Rod Murphy perceived the *Gazette's* rights and defended the newspaper's conduct.

Faced with the public right to know, the MPs decided to protect their own first. When in doubt, kill the messenger.

The *Gazette* had reported some unpalatable circumstances, so the conclusion is to announce pompously that the newspaper had "adversely affected" the House's privileges with its articles. It did no such thing.

All the *Gazette* did was to confirm in the minds of the Great Unwashed something always suspected: That when confronted with a choice, the Old Boys' Club—in politics or in banking—will always take care of the Old Boys.

So We Fight the Class Battles Again

VANCOUVER—Violence, said H. Rapp Brown in the 1960s, is as American as cherry pie.

Perhaps so. And walking the picket line is as British Columbian as the gentle rain.

A minstrel returning to the Pacific shore sees the all-too-familiar sight: the sidewalks filled with stoic pickets, armed for rain or shine, who mingle with the pedestrians going about their involvement in what remains of the provincial economy.

There is a familiar glint in the eye of the strikers—just as one can detect the recognized glint in the eye of Bill Bennett—that there is no backing down.

When people go on strike in B.C., it is more than a strike. This is just one more skirmish in a larger struggle: Class warfare that seems some relic of the Victorian era.

The dispute this time is supposedly Premier Bennett's project to slash the fat from an overly-comfortable civil service and the government employees' response that they will not surrender their cherished "last hired, first fired" shibboleth.

It is truly just an excuse, the latest outbreak in the never-ending disease that pock-marks the face of British Columbia, a province like no other.

The disease is "them" versus "us," the sustaining myth that the province is composed of only two types—the corporate elite and the horny-handed lads with lunchbuckets.

It has produced the most polarized province in the country, a jurisdiction that makes Quebec appear tame by comparison.

The easy lifestyle and mild climate, populated by the highest-paid union workers on this continent, merely add to the turmoil in the yeast.

Because it is so easily attainable, there is the abiding belief in the working class that it is entitled to the same lifestyle as the professionals, the doctors, lawyers and dentists.

Visitors to Narcissus-on-the-Pacific are always astounded at the number of yachts and sailboats that decorate in technicolor style every available dock and yacht basin.

They conclude, correctly, that there simply can't be that many members of the upper middle class in a city this size.

There aren't. It's the plumbers and electricians and policemen and teachers that own them.

Any self-respecting member of a union feels it is his due to have a ski cabin at Whistler next door to the architect and the psychiatrist.

"Us" has to have as much as "them."

It's why the ham-handed Bennett (surely the worst communicator in Canadian politics) is answered with the threat of a general strike because he wishes to sack 1,600 government employees and remove the sacred seniority provision so he can weed out the incompetents and the lazy.

Every dispute is pushed to the limit because "us" thinks "them" is out to get us at any available turn.

The sense of discombobulation is increased by the lack of focal points found in other provinces: There is no federal presence here at all.

It is the only province in Canada where neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives play any part in the political process.

With the NDP and the B.C. Federation of Labor and the Solidarity Movement on one side, and the neo-Reagan Social Credit on the other side, Ottawa can offer no influence on the events as they unfold.

The Liberal government's only emissary in the territory is Senator Jack Austin, who operates only on a certain fringe level where patronage and political appointments roam.

The Tories have no single strong man among their MPs, not a one who has any significant role in the Mulroney team.

The provincial NDP, which has been rather swallowed and obliterated by the emotional juggernaut of the Solidarity Movement, is sadly toothless at the moment.

Leader Dave Barrett is approaching his retirement deadline of the spring and there isn't a single credible successor in his caucus, which is old and not generally respected any more.

And so we fight the turn-of-the-century class battles once again. What is going on here is a morality play.

Just What Has Trudeau Done in 15 Years?

OTTAWA—The night in the Ottawa ice rink in 1968 when the Liberals were about to choose their new leader, America was busy burning down her cities.

As the eight candidates made their crucial speeches before the voting next day, Martin Luther King was assassinated and the blacks of the world's most advanced democracy set out to avenge their saint.

Those of us in the press seats kept sprinting between the Lincolnesque words of Joe Greene to the press room and the television sets recording first Detroit, then Baltimore, Chicago and Pittsburgh erupting in flames.

This week, with all the attention on a Tory leadership convention, is the 15th anniversary of that April day when Pierre Elliott Trudeau (as he was then known) became prime minister.

In 15 years, he has gone from being the best-liked to the most disliked politician in Canada.

He is the longest-reigning leader in the western democracies.

The U.S., so rich at the base, so unstable at top, has gone through five presidents since Trudeau was chosen and then confirmed by the Canadian people: Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter and now Ronnie Reagan.

Britain is now on her fifth prime minister in the same period: Harold Wilson, Edward Heath, Wilson again, James Callaghan and now Maggie Thatcher.

Chancellor Kiesinger was running West Germany when Trudeau came to power, followed by Willy Brandt, Helmut Schmidt and now Helmut Kohl.

France has gone through Couve de Murville to Giscard d'Estaing to Mitterand. And we won't even mention Italy.

Trudeau has now been in power longer than all the Progressive Conservative leaders since the First World War. He has been more successful, in terms of longevity, than Meighen, Bennett, Manion, Bracken, Drew, Diefenbaker, Stanfield and Clark put together.

If he wishes to beat the record of French-Canadian prime ministers, he could in April of 1984 surpass the term of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

What else has he done in 15 years?

We could spend a week. When he came to power, he inherited from Lester Pearson four provinces with Liberal governments. Two more were elected later.

Today, as we know, there is not a single provincial Liberal government in the land.

There is not a single Liberal in the provincial legislatures of the growing end of the country—the western provinces where the resources reside and where the population is flowing.

He turned Ottawa into a nominally bilingual town, thereby saving—or at least delaying—Quebec from leaving the country.

He has probably assured that there will never again be a unilingual prime minister, as Lester Pearson accurately predicted.

Thanks to his stylish profile, and the reputation of his estranged wife, he now attracts more attention and respect abroad in the world than he does at home.

Of the eight good candidates who originally lined up against him in 1968 (there are only three, possibly four, who can be taken seriously in this Tory race) this is the result:

Robert Winters, the runner-up, is dead of a broken heart.

Joe Greene is dead of a broken body.

Paul Martin is writing his unending memoirs.

Paul Hellyer, the most confusing and confused man in modern politics, is in journalism—a suitable fate.

Eric Kierans is in intellectual opposition.

Mitchell Sharp depends on government largesse.

Allan MacEachen is the only man left in government, a discredited force.

John Turner waits on his Elba at the corner table in Winston's, ready for the call.

There is not a single respected leader around the Trudeau cabinet table who can speak with assurance for the three-quarters of Canada that is non-francophone.

His relations with the press (while somewhat irrelevant) are, to be polite, poisonous.

This is our progress report, after 15 years.

Interview with Allan Fotheringham

You quote Christina McCall on Lalonde's "self-confident piety." You describe Trudeau's "icy Jesuitical mind." What's Fotheringham? Icily cheerful? Angrily optimistic? A soft-shoe Savonarola? What?

Kind, loving.

Ah, yes. Of course.

I don't know. An alderman in Vancouver . . . we were talking at a cocktail party, and after about fifteen minutes he said: "Fotheringham, I finally figured you out. I always judge people by their ties. And I finally figured out what you are." I said: "What is that?" He said: "You are a flamboyant introvert." I think that's a pretty good description.

I've always felt that irony and hypocrisy are two of life's gifts. Perhaps hypocrisy, for instance, is not appreciated enough for its ability to give us simple pleasure. Anyway, you are certainly a devotee of one and scourge of the other, as in " . . . walking the picket line is as British Columbian as the gentle rain," or there is the whole indictment of a hypocrisy in the Mackasey piece. Are these the things that give you mordant pleasure?

Well, I don't know, Andy. I mean, a writer is the last one who can analyze his own stuff. I just sit down and write it, and I don't make any plan. The only thing I say is that I write on an individual day whatever amuses, outrages or interests me on that day, and some days I'm angry and other days I'm amused. It just depends on which side of the bed I get out of, I guess.

One of the terrific strengths of these pieces is the blend of mild amusement and cold fury. For example: the " . . . Old Boys' clubs that defile and insult our society . . . " So that is an expression of your physiological condition. It's not a device?

No. No. It's anger . . . I just grew more and more angry at John Turner in his evasions, and it hit me—I did a piece yesterday on it. It just sort of built up, and then I finally said, "I've had enough of this crap." It's just my feelings at the time, and I don't work out any plan. I don't say I'm going to have two humor columns this week and one bland one and two angry ones. It's just whatever is coursing through my veins at the time.

You're very sure in your judgments in these things. Lalonde doesn't understand the morals required of government. MacEachen is a discredited force. Do you ever have any hesitation in making such final assessments?

No. No. I don't think you'd be a columnist if you did. You know, I once read a description of someone—a writer, a journalist—and it was one of the greatest compliments I think you could have. They said he never wrote, "On the other hand . . . " in his life. And I'm not much for on the other hand. I feel things strongly, I guess, and they're my views, and I put them down.

These kinds of statements have to depend for their strength on your being consistently right, and yet the odds are that you're not going to be some of the time. That doesn't bother you?

No. I don't claim to be infallible, and I put down what I feel at the time when I write. And I'm wrong lots of times, sure.

Do you ever think about the personal effect on your subject of what you write?

More so now in my mellow old age than when I was bashing away in Vancouver. And I have hurt a few people. I've made mistakes, and I think I'm more careful now and not quite so free-swinging as I was ten years ago.

Is there a gradation? For instance, politician—almost anything goes, other people not so much?

Yeah. There's no law that says someone has to run for politics, and most people in politics are there either because they are power-hungry or they have some personality defect. There are lots of politicians I admire, and I probably don't write about them as much as the ones that I dislike and feel their balloons should be pricked. You try and keep the personal stuff out, and the bigger ones, the big guys, can take it; the ones who can't are usually the petty little people.

By the nature of the Ottawa part of your job you see them, I would think, fairly often. What's the relationship with someone you've just taken to small pieces in your column?

Well, they usually turn their back or cross the street. Trudeau used to enjoy it. When he'd come out of a press conference, he'd accidentally step on my foot, or he'd punch me in the gut as he went by. But he seems to have lost his sense of humor—he no longer thinks it's funny, and we don't speak any more.

He doesn't stand on you any more?

No, he doesn't stand on me any more.

Oh dear. Nuts and bolts question. What kind of research do you do? Do you have a terrific memory or a good filing system? What do you read? That sort of thing.

Yeah, well, I read everything, of course. And I have a good memory, and I don't have a full-time researcher any more. I did in Vancouver. Because of this back-and-forth thing it's rather hard to keep that researcher organized. But I have a very good memory, I guess, and I know where to look things up, and I can assemble facts fairly quickly.

You've been writing three pieces a week, plus the Maclean's piece. How does your week work?

Just like an office worker. I get up in the morning and come down to the office at nine a.m. and read about six papers: the *Globe*, the *Star*, the *Toronto Sun*, the *Gazette*, the *Ottawa Citizen* and, on the weekends, *New York Times*. I don't look at the *Times* every day, but I sort of glance at the *Wall Street Journal* daily to see if something interests me. Plus all the magazines, books. You are reading for information. You can never keep up, that's the problem. And then I go out for a lengthy lunch every day with somebody. Usually a politician or a contact or a friend, and I will die of many things, but I will never die of a heart attack, because I have long lunches, and I feel long lunches are good for the heart.

Well, it depends what you are having for lunch, solid or liquid.

Mine are fifty-fifty.

Okay. So you are able to totter back to the office.

Yeah. I think one of the great sins of newspaper people is they sit around interviewing each other, and I just cannot understand newspapermen who have lunch with guys in the office. What's the point? You're with them all day. So I spend most of my socializing with non-newspaper people. I get back about two-thirty or so and then my deadline for the Southam column is five o'clock, so I piddle around and procrastinate and try and delay for as long as I can and then finally hit the old computer terminal and get it out, hopefully by five, but more likely by five-thirty or six.

That's on the Southam days?

Yes. I write Monday, Wednesday and Friday for appearance on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. And *Maclean's*, what I usually do now is get up at seven in the morning on Thursday morning and write the *Maclean's* piece, whether in Vancouver or Ottawa.

And it's finished about when?

Oh, about, I'd say two hours for a good one, four hours for a bad one.

That's incredible speed either way, but I suppose there's no choice.

No. No.

When you've written about something that offended, that outraged you, do you ever get the impression that you're like the person in those old ads, the only guy in Philadelphia who wasn't reading the Bulletin? *Do you think that the explanation of a sordid situation—say as in the Mackasey piece—should result in people picketing Grant Reuber* [President of the Bank of Montreal] *and so forth—and then nothing happens?*

Well, I would like to see it happen. But I don't kid myself that the column is going to change the world or swing an election. As I say, it is simply an expression of my feelings, and the way I look at it, Andy, is that I write for myself. Any writer who doesn't write for himself is kidding himself. And I always say I'm the luckiest guy in Canada, because I'm the first one to read my own jokes. And I just view it that the public is watching, is looking over my shoulder, as I'm typing. I write it for myself, and luckily my employers think there's enough people out there who would like to share these thoughts, so they throw good money at me to throw it before their readers.

I understand that, but at the same time, I read the piece and say, "Goddamn it, that's ridiculous." I feel frustrated that situations like that continue. I would have thought that exposing them for the first time, you would feel them even more keenly. Do you, in fact, sometimes get results? Does something happen because of something you have written?

Oh, yeah, you do, and also you get the psychic rewards, the stroking. This piece I wrote on Turner yesterday, for example. The town, as you know, is full of delegates [to the Liberal leadership convention], cocktail parties and everything. I was doing the town last night, and I must have got twenty, twenty-five other journalists come up and say it's a goddamn good piece and, as you know, you can't beat the praise of your peers. That's better than anything except a raise.

The piece on Trudeau's fifteen years is kind of a sprightly litany of despair. You remind me of Muggeridge chortling amiably from the flames. Does it affect your capacity to enjoy life, carrying this load about with you?

Well, no. I get angry at a lot of things, but I have a hell of a lot of fun, and I spend half my time laughing and drinking with my friends. I don't walk around holding my head in my hands. No, I enjoy . . . I think anybody that knows me knows that I enjoy life tremendously, and perhaps a little too much, some of them would say.

How do you relax—that's how, drinking with your friends sort of thing?

Yeah, and play tennis. I love to play tennis.

Killer tennis?

Yes. Yes. I've just come from two hours with Don Johnston and another couple of guys. We played at seven-thirty this morning.

When I thought of Muggeridge I also thought of his ability to be a superb journalist and at the same time to satirize the whole idea of journalism as ridiculous. I wondered what you thought of journalism. How would you describe its function?

I think Canadian journalism as it is practised is far too bland and not tough enough. You know, people will accuse me of being too tough and too vicious. Well, my stuff wouldn't be noticed on Fleet Street. I'd just be a copy boy. Over there, they know how to go at it, and they have a combination which I suppose influenced me a lot unconsciously while I was there. They can be angry, but they also are very eloquent. And they write it beautifully. And the writing does not take away from the anger and the toughness of what they're saying. That to me is the ultimate, what you should strive for. Be tough, but do it with style, and I guess that's what I try to do.

You admire Private Eye, *for instance?*

Yeah, I think it's a bit juvenile—it's sort of a *Mad* magazine. But I think the London *Observer*, for example, is the best paper in the world, and I used to read that—I still do, not on a regular basis, but from cover to cover.

Who are your gods, then, in journalism?

Well, I don't really have any. I like the obituary—what the hell was the guy's name? He was editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and when he died someone said he was unfailingly kind to his inferiors, he barely tolerated his equals and was openly contemptuous of his superiors. I'd like that on my gravestone.

You're not acknowledging that you have superiors, surely! Otherwise, logically you won't be able to be fierce to anyone! Do you have any heroes outside the business or anywhere?

No, not really.

What is the most important influence to date on your career, life or both?

If I was forced to put myself on a shrink's couch, I probably would say being born in the middle of the Depression in a little one-horse town in Saskatchewan and going to a one-room schoolhouse. And my father died when I was two, so I never knew a father, and a shrink would probably analyze that this toughened me and set me against the world and authority.

Where in Saskatchewan?

A little town called Hearne, about fifty miles south of Regina. People from Hearne are called Hearnias.

Editorial Writing

Terry Moore, Winnipeg Free Press

Terry Moore was born and grew up in Winnipeg. He graduated from the University of Manitoba with a General B.A. in 1966 and spent most of the next 12 years—with a year off for travel in Europe and North Africa—reporting for the *Montreal Star*. He was education reporter, Ottawa correspondent and city hall reporter before being asked to fill an editorial-page vacancy just a few months before the *Star*'s disastrous strike. He got a few more months' experience writing editorials between the finish of the strike and the folding of the paper. Fortunately his editorial-page boss at the *Star*, John Dafoe, went to take charge of the page at the *Winnipeg Free Press* and, in Moore's words, "threw a line over the side, and I scrambled up."

In the four years since, Moore has been writing editorials for the *Free Press* where, according to Mr. Dafoe, "he has exerted significant and useful influence on civic planners and politicians." The NNA judges said that they were "especially impressed by his series of acute and convincingly argued editorials dealing with the Manitoba language question" which, they said, demonstrated an approach that was "consistently clear-sighted and attuned to the political and social nuances involved."

Pursuing a Fantasy

Community Services Minister Len Evans' idea of erecting six small child care agencies in place of the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg is a figment, a whim, a fancy. It is a phantom shape in the dust of battle stirred up by the struggle for boss-ship between Mr. Evans and the officers and senior managers of the Winnipeg agency. The merest breath from a calmer, saner world would dissipate it.

Six small community-based agencies. That has a gentle, cozy sound to it. Child welfare work without tears, loving and sensitive. But what does it really mean?

Any organization is community-based if the minister says it is. The present Winnipeg CAS has a board of directors all of whom are drawn from the Winnipeg community. It employs child welfare workers who live in the city. But that, apparently, does not make it community-based. It has to be run by people the minister likes or who will do the minister's bidding, for he has made it clear in the Child Welfare Act amendment he has presented that he intends to appoint agency boards who will obey his instructions. He talks community-based. But he builds or prepares to build agencies based in the minister's office. The talk of community-based agencies is a rhetorical smoke-screen and nothing more than that.

Child welfare work is a painful, messy business. There is no way around that. It occasionally requires applying an extremely heavy hand to parents who abuse their children, deny abusing them, believe they have a right to continue abusing them. In some of the cases that wind up in court, it involves choosing between two sets of parents who both offer compelling claims for the custody of a child who is unable to speak for himself. There are no pleasant ways of resolving such matters to everyone's satisfaction. It is extremely painful work, touching people's deepest emotions. This will be true whether the agency is big or small, whether its territory is most of Winnipeg or only a little bit of Winnipeg. The vision of nice, friendly child welfare agencies where no one gets hurt is to a large extent illusion.

Winnipeg is one city with one police force finding children in trouble. Some people have firm attachments to one part of the city but many move around freely and do not belong in one district more than they belong in another. There is no line where it is rational to draw a boundary between one child welfare jurisdiction and another. Are children in need of shelter or protection, who face tough odds already, now to be sent shopping from one office to another or to be shunted from office to office, among those that happen to be staffed on the day his problem arises, while the rule-makers and line-drawers decide whose jurisdiction he belongs to? If the people who actually do child welfare work think that makes sense, they should be listened to. But the idea is being promoted only by those who make speeches, not by those who must confront parents and children and the real cases of real people in this real city.

No research has been produced showing that large size is a cause of inadequate performance by the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg. The sole basis on which Mr. Evans can support his whim is a few lines in Judge E.C. Kimelman's preliminary report on native adoptions. Judge Kimelman observed that 15 child welfare agencies serve the non-Winnipeg half of the Manitoba population while CAS Winnipeg serves the other half, an observation which is not strictly correct since large parts of Winnipeg are served by CAS Eastern or by the provincial government. Judge Robert Carr had previously discussed decentralization of CAS Winnipeg, Judge Kimelman continued, but his current thinking leaned toward up to six separate agencies in Winnipeg. That is all there is. No evidence, no argument, no analysis, no examination of causes and effects, of alternatives and their advantages and disadvantages. Nothing to show policy makers or the public that one course or another should be chosen. Certainly nothing to justify a whimsical and spiteful demolition of the city's existing child welfare structure.

Mr. Evans and CAS Winnipeg have a battle to fight. Let them kick and scratch and bite and make fools of themselves. It is tiresome and disruptive, but it need be no worse than that. They are fighting over status and prestige; the stakes are not great for the bystanders. But the combatant that first drags the children of Winnipeg into the melee, who actually damages child welfare work to gain points in the fight, will find public opinion turning quickly against him.

Repeating an Error

Winnipeg's public authorities are preparing to repeat on the St. Paul's College site the redevelopment errors an earlier generation made at the Centennial Centre site. They are counting on one great magnet to draw the crowd which will create further development. Experience shows that is not how downtowns work.

The Civic Centre and the Centennial Centre were put where they are in order to save Main Street and the nearby properties. The crowds flocking to the spectacles at the concert hall, the other theatres, the museum and the city hall were to become the customers for the businesses that would locate and build nearby. The crowds do gather, just as the redevelopment planners hoped, but they arrive just before curtain time and leave as soon as the show finishes. The benefit to the surrounding properties is minimal. Old Market Square struggles along on its own merits. The theatre and civic centre construction may have encouraged some of the excellent restoration jobs that have transformed buildings between Main Street and the Red River, but the effect has not spread to equally promising buildings near the Alexander dock. The cluster of theatres remains isolated from the central business district. It has not produced redevelopment of its immediate surroundings and it does not help keep the office and retailing parts of downtown active and crowded into the late evening.

Reasons for the failure are not hard to find. The central square of the Civic Centre and the concrete park around the

Centennial Centre buildings are too small, too exposed in inclement weather and too crowded by the buildings to be really pleasant places. The theatre group and the civic centre group are split by eight lanes of traffic barrelling up and down Main Street. The place is extremely hostile to human presence. It is not a place one naturally thinks of to take the noonhour brown bag or to strum one's guitar for quarters. It is a place to arrive at, park one's car, do one's business and leave. It is not a place to linger.

Downtowns need lingering places. Eaton Centre in Toronto is such a one, with the advantage of a roof and the disadvantage that it closes when the shops close. The Crystal Court of Minneapolis' IDS Centre is another. The central mall of any of the most successful suburban shopping centres can be another. Winnipeg's downtown developments are extremely intolerant of the person who has no particular errand to run or business to conduct but just wants to join the crowd and watch the people go by. Every square foot of a building has to be either elevator shaft or leasable space. Every bit of ground must be either building or parking lot. Space cannot be left idle lest it be occupied by an inebriate in need of a moment's shut-eye or by people who are not going to some specific destination or buying some specific piece of merchandise.

The Centennial Centre redevelopment fell short of its promise because, though it is a good place for its function, it is not a good place to stay. The same fault marred the redevelopment of Portage and Main and the Convention Centre group of buildings. Plenty of people go there for specific missions but no one would think of going to one of those places just because the place is so agreeable.

The strategy of starting from one supposed magnet and then waiting for things to happen around it has proved its bankruptcy over and over again, not only in this city but also in others. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation building was put in east end Montreal 15 years ago to spark redevelopment of the district. Apart from the demolitions required for its vast parking lots, it has had no effect whatever on the surrounding residential streets. The same sort of fate almost surely awaits a redevelopment between Portage and Notre Dame Avenues that starts from an arena and then looks for what might be tacked on around it.

The first imperative is to make an attractive place; a place that will be attractive to a great variety of people at all times of the day and all seasons of the year and for a great variety of purposes—or for no particular purpose. Specific buildings with specific uses can be fitted in as parts of that attractive place if they are consistent with its character, its attractiveness and its openness to many uses. If one starts out in search of a magnet, one winds up with the Centennial Centre or the Convention Centre, a building that is good at its job but that does not give new life to a district. Winnipeg has tried that already. It does not work.

Wrong Way to Amend

The Manitoba legislature should take at least as much care over amending the constitution as it does over enacting the statutes of the province. The Manitoba public should have at least as good an opportunity for orderly public debate on changes to fundamental rights and language rights as it has on changes to rent control or beef stabilization. The hasty method the Pawley government proposes for consideration and adoption of its language rights amendment and others is nowhere near adequate.

When a government proposes important changes to the laws of the province, the bill must be read three times in the House and a committee of the legislature normally has a chance to go through it in detail and to hear the views of interested Manitobans before the bill is put into its final form. The Pawley government's constitutional amendment will be not a bill but a resolution requiring just one reading and one debate in the House. If it can keep its own caucus in line, the government is able to ram the resolution through quickly before Manitobans are entirely aware of the issues involved. Attorney-General Roland Penner, author of the amendment and sponsor of the resolution, would supplement that one legislature debate only with information meetings at which he will give his version of what is being done.

That is not the way the constitution should be amended. The procedure adopted for this amendment will blaze a path which future Manitoba governments may use for their amendments to the constitution. Those future governments may bring forward amendments contrary to the public interest. Mr. Penner and his colleagues, who are not assured of remaining forever in power, should consider what procedure they would wish to see adopted if Sterling Lyon were in office and were bringing forward constitutional amendments reflecting his views.

Mr. Penner and his colleagues should not be afraid to appear before ordinary Manitobans, to hear what they have to say and to defend what the government proposes. The amendment the government offers is entirely defensible. The case that has been made out against it by Mr. Lyon is easily answered. A part of the Manitoba public is sure to oppose vehemently anything that seems to offer advantages to the French language and the people who speak it. Those people are Manitobans, too, and are entitled to contribute their views to the discussion, however disagreeable those views may be to Mr. Penner and to the small group involved in preparing the amendment. A cabinet minister who is not prepared to meet with Manitobans and listen to them is in the wrong line of work. If the Pawley government does not feel able to justify its policy in front of its opponents, it raises a suspicion that the policy is wrong.

The government contends that the language rights amendment cannot be referred to a committee because it cannot be amended. The present text is the substance of an agreement with the federal government, the Franco-Manitoban Society and Roger Bilodeau. It cannot be changed without their permission.

If one part of the agreement is altered, other parts may also have to be altered and the whole fragile structure will come crashing down. Moreover, the amendment must be adopted pronto or Mr. Bilodeau will resume his suspended Supreme Court of Canada appeal and the validity of Manitoba statutes will again be under challenge.

If the government, despite its party majority, is unable to get the amendment through a committee and through the legislature intact, it will assuredly have a problem on its hands: the same sort of problem a union leader has when the members demand improvements in a proposed agreement with the employer. But the legislature and no one else must finally speak for the province on the amendment of the Manitoba Act. Its sovereign authority is not shared with the Franco-Manitoban Society or with anyone else. Agreement with the SFM is politically necessary, but that necessity is no excuse for short-circuiting public debate.

If the public is not listened to, if the amendment appears to be imposed upon the people and the province with Mr. Penner's explanation that Mr. Bilodeau and the SFM will not have it any other way, the consequences may be much worse. A constitutional language right that is misunderstood or rejected by a great part of the Manitoba public because of its hasty, back-door enactment is likely to be worse than useless. The minority that is falsely said to be dictating policy to the legislature will be blamed and resented. Governments will be reluctant to fulfil the new constitutional promise, knowing that a great part of the public never agreed to it. Better to take the time and trouble to have a full public airing now and be sure that the amendment rests on the most solid possible foundation of public consent.

A Narrow View of Rights

Conservative Leader Sterling Lyon proposes a narrow, defensive and mean-spirited policy on the protection of language rights for French-speaking Manitobans. In scarcely a year and a half he has lost touch with the social and political realities which led his government to adopt a line more consistent with the history and ethnic makeup of this province, with the requirements of constitutional logic and with the role Manitoba plays in Canada.

In power, his policy was to begin the voluminous task of producing French texts, as required by Section 23 of the Manitoba Act, of laws which had been published only in English, starting with those which French-speaking Manitobans would most likely wish to read. He also began talking with the Franco-Manitoban Society about providing departmental services in French.

It was apparent then as it is now that no important interest is served by translating into French the thousands of statutes enacted over the years which are no longer important or which relate only to one municipality or to a few individuals. It is increasingly apparent, as Quebec courts strike down, one after another, Quebec laws which were adopted in French only, that this province has less and less chance of getting away with keeping its statutes in English only. Some remedy must be found for 90 years of flagrant and massive violation of the constitution by successive governments and legislatures of Manitoba. That remedy should establish a basis on which can be maintained indefinitely the place of the French language in the public life of Manitoba.

But now that a remedy is proposed, forgiving the unilingualism of past statutes and saving their validity, ensuring bilingual statutes in the future and departmental service in French for those who seek it, Mr. Lyon would refuse it. The province is capitulating, he declares. The new promise of departmental service in French goes far beyond the promise of the existing Section 23, he objects. The province should not be amending the constitution at all but should take its chances with what the Supreme Court of Canada might impose upon the province at the conclusion of the Bilodeau language-of-statutes appeal.

Mr. Lyon has ripped from its context, in support of his argument, a reference by former Chief Justice Samuel Freedman to intransigent assertion of abstract rights. The whole of Judge Freedman's remark in the appeal court's 1979 judgment on the Forest case is worth recalling for its current relevance. Constitutions, Judge Freedman wrote, "can be made to work only if the spirit of them is observed as well as the black letters they contain, and if there is a disposition on the part of all concerned to make them work in a practical and reasonable way without, on the one hand, intransigent assertion of abstract rights and without, on the other hand, a cutting down and chipping away of those rights." Mr. Lyon should ponder the whole of that carefully sculptured passage and not merely pick from it a pebble to sling at his opponent.

The spirit of Section 23 involves a kind of symmetry between Quebec and Manitoba. It invites Manitoba to do unto its French-speaking citizens as it would have Quebec do unto its English. Mr. Lyon's desire for the province to fight on against the Bilodeau appeal in the hope of proving that Section 23 is unenforceable represents a cutting down and chipping away of language rights. The argument that all Manitoba laws not yet published in both languages should be declared invalid reflects intransigent assertion of abstract rights. The amendment that is proposed, wiping out the faults of the past and making realistic provision for the needs of the future, shows a disposition to make the terms of the constitution work in a practical and reasonable way.

The same narrow, angry spirit which led René Lévesque and Camille Laurin and their colleagues to try to wipe English off the official face of Quebec leads Sterling Lyon to try to contain within the tightest possible limits the place of French in the institutions of Manitoba. A group of 60,000 or so in a population of a million poses no threat to Mr. Lyon and his language. There is no danger that his children or his children's children will be dragooned into Francization by swarming hordes of Franco-Manitobans. The English language is dominant in Manitoba and will remain so whatever may be written into the constitution or the laws. Widespread use by Manitobans of German, Ukrainian, French, Polish, Cree, Ojibway, Tagalog and Cantonese does not in any way challenge the dominance of English. As a province of Canada, a bilingual country, Manitoba has since its creation made a special place in its laws for English and for French. The measure that is proposed would put a workable and useful provision in the place of an impractical one.

Our Agreeable Mayor

Three years ago, Bill Norrie ran for re-election against the protégé of Steve Juba, formerly the city's perpetual mayor. The result was decisive: Mr. Norrie won every ward of the city and took 70 per cent of the city-wide vote. The meaning was clear: the Juba era had ended.

This year, Mr. Norrie faces a different challenge. The New Democratic Party, which controls about half of Winnipeg in a federal or provincial contest, is making a concerted bid to install an NDP mayor and an NDP council majority in Winnipeg city hall. NDP mayoral candidate Brian Corrin and his council running mates start out with a seasoned electoral organization and the party loyalty of a large part of the Winnipeg electorate. Mr. Norrie has to render account for four years of power during which the taxes have risen dramatically while the services have deteriorated. This election tests the validity of Mr. Norrie's method, the acceptability of his style and the support for his policy as they have never been tested before.

Mr. Norrie's method is to agree with everyone. He agreed with opponents of the Sherbrook-McGregor overpass that the overpass should not be built. He agreed with residents of the North End that the overpass should be built. In the manner of a conciliator and consensus-seeker, he quietly and blandly seeks the common ground on which most people can agree and skirts the sources of disagreement. It is an excellent method for maintaining cohesion in a diverse city and for disarming opponents. But it is not an effective method for defining clear goals and mobilizing the talents and energies of Winnipeggers to get things done.

The initial burst of energy in the Core Area Initiative has dissipated without releasing the flow of money and brainpower needed to revive the most deteriorated parts of inner Winnipeg. The city is left with the Air Canada building going up in the wrong place and a strip of gravel on Portage Avenue where small businesses once operated. Other core area accomplishments scattered about the city, worthy in themselves, have strictly local impact.

Mr. Norrie continues talking of a duty free zone with the same wistful insistence Mr. Juba applied to his monorail. The duty free zone has gone exactly as far as the monorail. Mr. Norrie has not accomplished park development or any other development on the Canadian National East Yards site. He has allowed the St. Paul's College site, downtown's most promising residential development location, to disappear into federal government development. His 1980 inaugural address to the city council, outlining his plans for central Winnipeg, reads now in retrospect as a litany of failure.

There is no assurance that a different mayor with a different style could have achieved more in a period when senior governments are jealously guarding their revenues and when the eye-dropper has replaced the shovel as the means of distributing government funds. But it is certain that a different mayor with a different style could have used the force of his office to greater effect in nagging, cajoling, needling, carping and bullying to move Winnipeg up the list of federal and provincial spending priorities. This city deserves more consideration, but the smiling conciliator is not the mayor to get it.

But if the affable self-made mayor gets little consideration for Winnipeg, a mayor set in office by the ruling provincial political party would get none at all. The premier who, with a couple of phone calls, could yank the power base out from under a mayor of Winnipeg is a premier who can ignore the mayor of Winnipeg or jerk him around like a puppet on a string.

Brian Corrin has rendered good service as an elected official. His serious and methodical campaign has compelled Mr. Norrie to defend himself and may have laid the groundwork for an honest effort by New Democrats to take a sustained interest in urban affairs. He deserves recognition for those contributions to the quality of civic politics.

Mr. Corrin's party has issued an ambitious and utterly unrealistic program of public works and employment projects the council cannot afford. Mr. Corrin himself has issued a more down-to-earth list of things a mayor and council really could try to do toward increasing city revenues, reforming assessments, strengthening employment and redeveloping the downtown shopping district. His pragmatic discourse is refreshing. But its status is unclear since the party around him is dreaming much bigger dreams.

Mr. Corrin is returning to municipal politics after a long absence during which he has risen through the Manitoba NDP to a seat in the government caucus. He is now a part of that organization, standing upon such power base as that organization extends to him. Another New Democrat with his own reputation and his own following in municipal affairs, who had spent most of his career in the municipal arena, might plausibly stand as a civic leader who could defend the city's interest even when it differs from the party's interest. Mr. Corrin's career does not put him in that position.

The city is left, then, with Bill Norrie, comfy as a pair of slippers that won't pinch the corns and won't chafe the tender nerves. Won't go very far, either. But comfy.

Interview with Terry Moore

When you write an editorial, what voice are you using? Who are you?

The image I have of myself is of a citizen in a perpetual Athenian town meeting where there is a perpetual debate going on. Now, whether I formally have the floor and am addressing the meeting, or whether I am a heckler in the back row making rude noises varies from one editorial to another, but that is my controlling image of my function: that I am one of many voices. I'm going to speak up on any topic that comes along. Some of them I know more about than others. I am always mindful that I am the ventriloquist, or I am speaking not entirely in my own identity, because if John Dafoe [editorial-page editor], if my boss isn't prepared to defend what I write, it's not going to go in the paper.

Let's deal with that question. What is this opinion? Whose is it?

If it is a matter on which we have written many times, then it is that established opinion refined by the ways in which I may be able to persuade my boss to change it.

If you feel that way.

Yes. If it is a matter on which we do not have an established doctrine or on which we haven't written before, I'm going to go and discuss it at least with my boss and probably with other writers on the staff who know something about or have an interest in the matter. I know that the boss publishes a great deal of stuff under his own responsibility that he would not have written himself. But when he sees it he has discussed it with us. He's not surprised by it. And he's willing to take the nasty calls that it's going to get.

And does he report to the publisher?

Yes. I've never heard that the publisher has said anything to him about what he should do. That publisher has very great confidence in that editorial-page editor.

So it's your voice in council, the voice of the editor in council or something.

Yes. And it gets hard to define, since it does vary from one piece to another, but the continuing thing is that John Dafoe's name is at the top of the page, and John Dafoe has a veto on it, or more than a veto—if he doesn't like it, he will write something himself, and if we aren't producing anything, he may write a whole page himself. He has assembled a team he's happy with, so that his control in the first place was in who he's got working for him.

How many people are you speaking of?

We are Dafoe, David MacDonald doing the foreign stuff, Fred Cleverley doing most of the provincial stuff, myself doing most of the local stuff and occasionally Tom Oleson, who's also book editor and op-ed page editor and stuff, so I guess that's about four and a half writers.

And how does the day proceed? Is it a conference-disappear-write-your-editorial sort of thing?

No, it's quite disorganized. Dafoe likes to work with . . . do his high-wire act without a net. He likes to start in the morning with nothing and see what develops. There tends to be informally a conference, because he's always putting together the letters to the editor and the first elements of the page near where the coffee is being made, so we tend to gather around there and talk about what we have in mind. But there's no command appearance, and often the stuff you have in mind there—that's about nine-thirty, ten o'clock in the morning—and often the stuff you had in mind then turns out by noon not to be the best stories around, and the way this page works, we want to cover the best story around.

Meaning the latest you can?

Meaning not ceremonial stuff, not stuff that we'd planned last week that this would be the right day for, not stuff that's been sitting around waiting to be published—but what is the best story today. One of the difficult results of that is that if you tried to be in the paper with the editorial the same day as the news story is in, then the following day you may be looking at a real shortage of good stories to editorialize. You've already skimmed the cream off. But news sides have that same problem. And the technology really has been, in this case, advantageous.

We tend to dump our copy about one o'clock and read proof about three, but there's no difficulty at all about dumping at three and leaving a hole when you know there's a budget that evening or something. So the routine varies quite a bit from day to day. On the sort of normal day, which is maybe about half of them, we've dumped, it's put together and set by one o'clock, so the writing has happened between ten and one. Now, if the topic picked around ten or so was one on which the writer had to do a lot of research, he's had to do his research pretty fast. The research he'd better be doing is stuff that he knows is going to be a story sometime—so that when the day comes to do an editorial between ten a.m. and one, he doesn't have to do any research. He's done it already.

And each of you seems to have a field that you specialize in to a great degree.

I have described the fields in the traditional terms of foreign, national, provincial and local. The truth of the matter is that we tend to latch onto stories. Stories often don't break down very neatly on those lines. I for a while latched onto the compulsory retirement story. We had a running story in Manitoba, since it seemed that our human rights law has already abolished mandatory retirement, and this was a cause of great anxiety. We had, not a royal commission, but a commission of inquiry on the subject, and it was a good story for about two years. Well, that's not particularly a local or a provincial or a national story, but I was interested in it the first time the matter came up, and that became my story, so I just continued doing it. Now, that doesn't mean to say that when I go off on holidays or get a case of the clap that the paper stops taking an interest in mandatory retirement. It's something anyone can pretty quickly swot up, because I've assembled the documents, and we've developed a line of thought. In the same way, Cleverley flies a plane, so he does aviation. He loves aviation. He loves to fly. He knows a heck of a lot about it. So it's not particularly a provincial story. But he does very fine stuff about aviation.

You are four and a half people exercising your better-than-average brains and talent at what is a very unusual task when you think of the world of journalism. Relatively few people are involved in your line of work. What's it for? Why do you do it?

It has, I suppose, a different purpose for everyone who touches at a different part of the animal. I can only say what its purpose is from where I sit and how it seems to me to be a valid exercise. My purpose first, I guess, is to write something worth reading, something entertaining or interesting, reasonably persuasive, contributing more light rather than more obscurity to the discussion of things that people want to talk about anyway. I love listening to things like council meetings, I love listening to a community debating its affairs and talking about what it ought to do and what's important and what's not important. An awful lot of people find council meetings pretty boring, and I guess a great part of them is frightfully boring, but the idea of people getting together and talking about what we collectively ought to do and what we believe in is an exercise that something in me finds fascinating. I love being a part of that process to the extent that I'm contributing a voice to the continuing debate on things like compulsory retirement.

On the urban development story, every time I come to Toronto or to another city I'm collecting ideas all the time, because I love Winnipeg for reasons that are probably more emotional than rational. I'm conscious of its limitations, and many of its limitations are aesthetic and physical. It hasn't adopted what seem to me a lot of bloody good ideas that other cities have in simply the physical amenities of a city—streets being pleasant places to walk in, to wait for a bus in, to be entertained in, and I love to harp and bitch about that. A few people respond, and you keep throwing out the same idea. It's going to take a long time, and I'll keep harping and bitching about that—I hope not just harping and bitching—but pointing to specific things that are good ideas.

We had a good little debate—somebody came forward and said he would like to do an outdoor restaurant on Broadway. Well, Broadway is a street, and it has a good, wide, grass median in the middle, there's insurance companies and banks and brokerage firms and law offices and an oil company there, lining this very dignified avenue, and the insurance company right opposite where this little restaurant would be said, "No way! We don't want a carnival in the front of our dignified office," and there was quite a bit of resistance. There seemed to me an idea that was worth encouraging. It might just disappear, it might quickly get discouraged by a strong negative reaction. And one thing I've found to my surprise is that an idea that did not seem respectable can become respectable if a newspaper editorial says it's respectable or even, without directly saying it's respectable, taking an interest in it. It's plausible all of a sudden. That doesn't mean it's going to be adopted, but it means it's going to get a fair hearing.

What happened in the case of the carnival?

The council finally did approve it, I think too late for it to happen this year. But it's still alive, and if the entrepreneur is still on, the idea seems to be still on.

When I was reading your entry, I said, "Now this is something television can't do. I don't understand exactly why television can't do it, but this man is thoroughly enmeshed in what's going on in the *city, and I can't see electronic media doing that. They omit it." And for some reason I'm convinced they can't do it. What do you think?*

I haven't given a whole lot of thought to what I would do if I was in television, because I am intimidated by the whole apparatus of having to get a visual—of starting with pictures, and putting your story around some pictures, and the technology of getting those pictures. Particularly when on an editorial page a whole lot of the time you're talking about ideas, really only ideas, and the physical expression of them does not exist, and if you tried to put a physical expression or find a physical illustration, you would be changing the story. You'd be telling a different story.

I pick up the paper every day and I read the editorial, and with a subject that you've become interested in, you can pick it up in the middle of the conversation. I just can't see that happening in a thirty-minute television show. The kind of discussion that you're part of resonates through print more successfully. In fact, it's the only way, I think.

I think another thing I enjoy about the newspaper editorial thing is that you can come back to a story again and again and again, and it's no big deal. I mean, once you've done all the research, that's the investment, and you can keep harping on that theme and working it around and working it around, and it's no big investment for the organization. I see magnificent television documentaries or public affairs shows that really move me. I could go out and burn something down. They've shown me the outrageous thing that's being done, and they've done a lot of work and a lot of research, and it's a marvellous piece of work, and I envy the people who can pull the elements of a television thing together that way, and by five o'clock the next day, unfortunately, I've forgotten what it was. If they could come back and remind me every now and then . . .

They can't. You won't sit there and be reminded in the same way as *you will open to the editorial page every day.*

I think that the editorial form has been remarkably constant over the years. At its best—which certainly includes the examples of your entry—it is a mysteriously-arrived-at combination of literary grace and bad temper. For instance, this editorial about Mr. Evans and his wicked plan to splinter the Children's Aid Society. At the beginning we've got this nice allusion to "... a figment, a whim, a fancy. ... a phantom shape in the dust of battle ..." And: "The merest breath from a calmer, saner world would dissipate it. ..." But by the time you get to the end you've got poor old Mr. Evans out here, and you're really giving him what for. "Let them kick and scratch and bite and make fools of themselves. ..." That's a very good editorial, and I think those are the essential elements.

As it happens I've been reading Dante lately, and Dante has put a whole lot more imagery into my writing than there was. I'm kind of pleased, now that you mention it, with those images. They're pretty good. I don't think that they would be there, or they wouldn't be as vivid, if I hadn't been reading Dante lately.

Here are some more: "The place is extremely hostile to human presence. It is not a place one naturally thinks of to take the noonhour brown bag or to strum one's guitar for quarters. It is a place to arrive at, park one's car, do one's business and leave. ..." Very nice.

I guess that has a kind of Jane Jacobsy ring to it, doesn't it? Actually, I had been also reading Lewis Mumford not long before I produced that one, and I guess the journalist's job is stealing ideas from other people, and better journalists know to rob the better houses.

Here's one that goes straight to the throat of Sterling Lyon, who's proposing "... a narrow, defensive and mean-spirited policy ..." on the defence of French-language rights.

On that, now that is one thing which editorial writing has changed. The editorials of one hundred years ago and earlier would be much more savage and violent in the epithets they would use. We're pretty restrained now. There's a constant tendency toward Pablum, you know. Whether it's the application of the third law of thermodynamics to editorial writing or public discussion, there's a constant tendency to get less and less offensive, or more and more inoffensive, and it requires almost a conscious effort to say, no, goddamn it, he's being narrow and mean-spirited, and we will say he's being narrow and mean-spirited.

Do editorials ever have specific results?

There was one case I heard of where to my surprise it turned out that we had been very significant, and that was that there was a proposal to rip down houses and build an industrial park. The people who lived there were saying no, and they produced an alternative plan, and in the end they did stop the industrial park. I was told later that the fact that we editorially said that their plan was plausible and appealing, and we took an intelligent, sustained interest in it, gave them a kind of encouragement to go on that they hadn't otherwise had. Now, whether they would have given up in the absence, I'm not at all sure, but we were an element, a pretty big element, I guess, in encouraging them not to quit. Now, we weren't starting it, and we weren't finishing it; we were just a stage along the way. So much of the time we are reacting after the fact that it's pretty tough. Let me try to think of some other stories where we might have . . . You know, we failed to keep the St. Paul's site for housing; we've even failed to introduce a whole lot more rational research into the Children's Aid story; the list of my failures is a long one—or incomplete successes.

I'm sure the next time there's a similar site, they won't make the same mistake.

But I guess I don't measure my success on whether the thing we recommend is done but whether the idea we advocate gets a decent hearing. I can't ask for more than that.

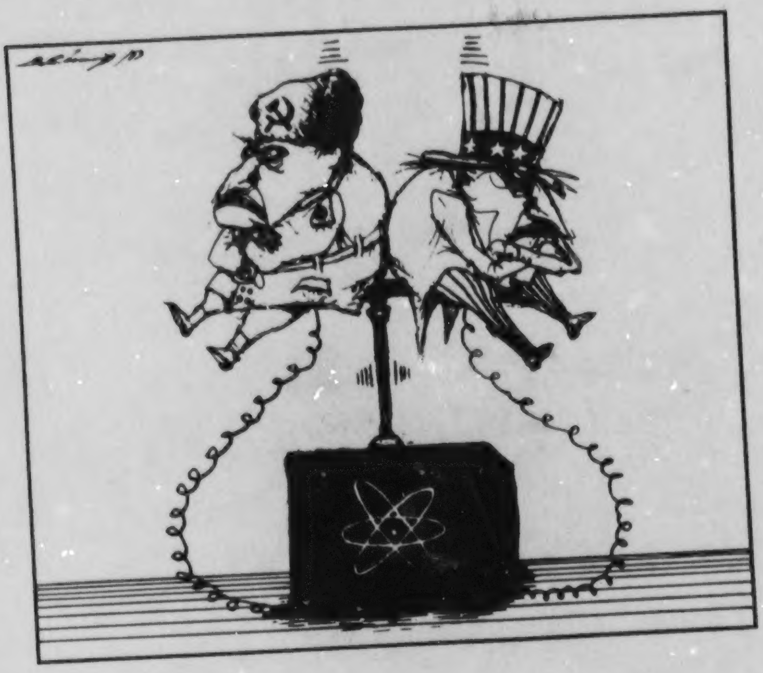
I think that on that rational and restrained note we'll finish. I just want to add that among many things I liked about these editorials was the fact that you entered into a debate with the Conservative leader by quoting him his own quote in full. That is really admirable.

Well, in at least one previous editorial, I had used the whole of Freedman's quote, so when he used a couple of words from it, I said, "You bugger, you're going to get the whole thing."

Cartooning

Dale Cummings, Winnipeg Free Press

Dale Cummings, 37, was born in St. Thomas, Ontario, studied at Sheridan College, Oakville and worked in animation, layout and design in Toronto. He has done freelance editorial illustrations and cartoons for *Canadian Forum, Last Post, This Magazine, Maclean's, Harrowsmith* and the *Globe and Mail*. He has been the *Winnipeg Free Press* editorial cartoonist since January, 1982. He won the award for this untitled cartoon of Ivan the Russian and Uncle Sam seated back-to-back on the plunger of a nuclear-bomb detonator: in the words of the judges, "two glum, intractable protagonists, both victims of the political-military situation in which there can be no winners." The citation continues: "The message is topical, significant and impactive. The drawing is bold, sparse and incisive in style, which heightens the frightening reality."



Spot News Reporting

Toronto Star/Sunday Star

In an unusual departure this year, the NNA judges selected an entire newspaper (and the biggest one in the country) for an award that usually goes to an individual reporter. In making the award for the *Star's* coverage of the Mulroney win at the 1983 Tory leadership convention, they said that they were "very sensitive to the potential imbalance between the entry from a lone reporter toiling over a local news break and the seemingly endless resources of a large, urban newspaper" to cover such an event. But, they added, "the clear evidence of excellent reporting and writing by the *Star* staff gave us little choice this year. . . . The coverage by the *Star* was complete in all respects, full of interesting vignettes from the convention and produced under the tightest possible deadlines. . . . Brian Mulroney's win (and Joe's loss) was one of the high drama points of 1983. The one dozen byline writers in the *Star* piece did an excellent job of breathing new life into a story that had been essentially picked clean by radio and television during the convention."

The entry is also an excellent example of what could be called executive journalism, involving operational planning, co-ordination, teamwork and leadership. Thirty-five *Star* editorial staff were directly involved in the convention story. They were: Bob Hepburn, Ottawa bureau chief; Val Sears, Ottawa reporter;

Richard Gwyn, Ottawa columnist; Joe O'Donnell, Ottawa reporter; David Vienneau, Ottawa reporter; Bruce Ward, Ottawa reporter; Alan Christie, Queen's Park bureau chief; Trish Crawford, Queen's Park reporter; Martin Cohn, Queen's Park reporter; Robert McKenzie, Quebec correspondent; Dan Smith, western correspondent; David Miller, Sunday feature writer; Nick Van Rijn, reporter/VDT expert; Roy MacGregor, feature writer/columnist; Bill Fox, Washington correspondent; Ross Howard, national reporter; Kelly McParland, city reporter; Doug Griffin, photo assignment editor; Ron Bull, photographer; Colin McConnell, photographer; Mike Slaughter, photographer; Al McArthur, darkroom technician; David Toole, assistant national editor; Wayne Braun, assistant Sunday editor; Pat Crowe, Sunday copy editor/reporter; Rob Wright, copy editor; Donna Maloney, copy editor; Larry Perks, copy editor; Lou Clancy, Sunday editor; Dave Ellis, senior editor; Harroon Siddiqui, news editor; David Pike, Perspective editor; Keith Branscombe, art director; Brad Henderson, picture editor.

The *Star*'s team worked under the direction of Ian Urquhart, the paper's national editor. Urquhart, 34, has been at the *Star* eight years, including a spell as Ottawa bureau chief. A graduate of McGill, he also worked for the *Telegram* and for *Maclean's* with postings in Washington and Ottawa. He has run the *Star's* national desk for the past three years.

IT'S BRIAN

Mulroney Put Seven Years into Win

By Bob Hepburn

OTTAWA—Brian Mulroney, who seven years ago finished a distant third in the race to be Conservative party leader, today stands at the head of the party and will lead it into the next federal election.

After nine hours and four ballots in a sweaty arena here yesterday, the Montreal lawyer and businessman became the party's 16th national leader.

Mulroney, 44, defeated seven opponents, including former leader Joe Clark, who beat him in 1976. The fluently bilingual son of a mill worker becomes the Conservatives' first-ever leader from Quebec. He stressed his roots and his bilingualism in appealing to the party to elect him and help end the Liberals' dominance in Quebec.

Mulroney takes over a party that has a commanding lead over the Liberals in public opinion polls. If he can sustain the lead, he will become Canada's 17th prime minister.

He won over Clark by a vote of 1,584 to 1,325 on the fourth and final ballot. The results gave Mulroney 54.5 per cent of the votes on the last ballot.

The stunning victory capped a nine-hour marathon day of voting that was rife with frantic last-minute deals and delegate-courting by the anti-Clark forces as they searched desperately for a new leader.

With a small, fatalistic shake of his head, Clark listened to the announcement of the final results that ended his controversial reign of the strife-torn Conservative party—the party he had led to victory in the 1979 general election and to a dramatic defeat at the hands of the Liberals just nine months later.

Mulroney told the cheering crowd he would work to restore unity in the party.

He also paid tribute to Clark, saying he "has served this party with dignity, honor and courage." That prompted sustained applause from the arena. The two men shook hands on the podium.

Minutes before the final results, Mulroney surrounded himself with his most loyal lieutenants—the people who date back to his unsuccessful 1976 leadership bid.

Drenched in perspiration, exhausted yet exhilarated, the closely knit group seemed to know the victory was theirs long before the vote was announced.

Clark, his voice cracking partly from a severe cold and partly from emotional strain, told the hushed throng he would work to help unite the party after its divisive leadership race.

Throughout the four-month race, Clark worked hard to convince the delegates he could win the next general election. However, it was obvious most of the delegates had never forgiven Clark for the Conservatives' defeat in the 1980 election, ending the party faithful's first taste of power in nearly two decades.

Clark had wanted to face Mulroney on the final ballot ever since the former leader announced last January he was calling the leadership convention after failing to win the overwhelming support of delegates to the party's general meeting.

It was Mulroney that Clark wanted—a man he saw as having worked for years to bring about his downfall—one of his closest advisers said before the final results were known.

In the end, however, the greatest fears of the Clark camp came true.

The ABC (Anybody But Clark) forces lined up behind Mulroney on the last ballot to seal Clark's fate. Obviously it was their desire for a new leader, despite the fact the Conservatives have an 18-percentage-point lead in opinion polls, that outweighed their uncertainty about Mulroney's failure to seek elected office.

John Crosbie, who finished a strong third on the first ballot, grew in strength too slowly to catch Mulroney and was forced to drop out after the third ballot.

However, the Newfoundland MP rejected the idea of playing king-maker by refusing to declare whom he would support on the crucial final ballot and freeing his delegates to vote as they wished.

By nearly a 2–1 margin they voted for Mulroney.

"I think it is best for the future of the party and the unity of the party if I keep my own counsel," Crosbie said before voting.

But he added that the turning point in the convention "was when the Clark people didn't move (to me)" after the third ballot.

Sen. Lowell Murray, one of Clark's key strategists, said he knew long ago Crosbie would not state a preference.

"I wasn't surprised at that. But I thought (Newfoundland Premier) Brian Peckford was coming. He indicated he was," he said. Peckford, who many believe privately wanted Clark, instead followed Crosbie into not committing himself.

Clark led on the first three ballots. But when he failed to pick up support on each succeeding ballot the outcome became obvious. None of the ousted candidates joined his camp.

Michael Wilson, who finished a distant and disappointing fourth on the first ballot, angered many Metro Tories by immediately tossing his support behind Mulroney.

Peter Pocklington, the Edmonton businessman whose hard-line, right-wing policies fell on deaf ears, started the move to Mulroney.

Right after the first-ballot results were announced, he reportedly telephoned Wilson in his box of seats and told the Etobicoke MP he was making the long walk through the litter-strewn arena to Mulroney and Wilson should join him.

Crosbie won the support of also-rans David Crombie and John Gamble after they were forced to drop off the ballot early.

Crombie, the former Toronto mayor who clung on through the second ballot despite a disastrous initial vote, joined Crosbie for the third ballot. His decision to stay on the ballot for the second vote was an obvious move to give Crosbie an extra ballot to see if the delegates would swing his way. They didn't.

Moods swung dramatically as the long day unfolded in the 100-degree Fahrenheit (37.7 degree Celsius) heat of the 9,000-seat capacity Ottawa Civic Centre. Under the hot television lights and jammed-in bodies, the temperature was oppressive. At least one woman fainted and had to be treated by a first-aid crew.

Mulroney's troops were extremely nervous and sceptical about winning the race as they entered the arena in the morning.

"Sure we were nervous this morning," said Tom McPhail, a senior Mulroney adviser. "You know, it's a hard thing for any delegate to throw out an incumbent leader. But once we heard the first ballot results, we knew we had it."

The three leading camps all said they were pleased with the opening results.

Privately, however, Clark and Crosbie forces were frantically trying to bolster and hold on to their supports.

Clark strategists moved quickly after the first ballot to hustle their Quebec supporters out of the arena, leaving frustrated Mulroney workers trying to court the delegates searching hopelessly for them.

The momentum swung to Mulroney when Wilson and Pocklington joined his side.

Wilson, a cabinet minister in Clark's short-lived government, deserted his former boss and made the walk to Mulroney because "it's very important we have someone as leader of our party who can relate to all of Canada. I was concerned Mr. Crosbie was not able to do that."

Wilson was unable to bring his 144 delegates en masse to Mulroney. Many bitter Wilson supporters went to Crosbie.

"We were lied to, no question," said Wilson worker Mike Flaherty of Toronto. "I figured we had 300 people going in there. A lot of people went to Crosbie, a lot of very mad people."

Wilson also upset several key people usually considered part of Ontario Premier Bill Davis' political machine who had worked for him. Instead of Mulroney, they wanted Wilson to go to Crosbie.

Pocklington, who was stunned by his meager 102 first-ballot votes, said he joined Mulroney because "I'm looking for a right-wing government." The Edmonton businessman said he was "too far behind" to stay on the ballot for a second time. "We must beat Clark," he said.

Although Pocklington was surprised by his poor showing, his closest advisers had known the outcome for a long time. Secretly they had been making deals all week, meeting with Wilson, Crosbie, and Mulroney strategists as late as yesterday morning.

By the third ballot, Clark's top supporters knew the end was near.

"The king is dead. Long live the king," moaned a dejected

Harvie André, a Calgary MP who was one of the first men to work for Clark before his 1976 leadership victory.

They're off Home to B.C. without Joe but with Glee

By Roy MacGregor

OTTAWA—There are 3,000 stories in this city rink, and this is one of them.

It begins with people falling and it ends with people falling, and in between they seem willing to stand for anything.

It starts with 8-year-old Barton Harder diving over the bars of his bike in the lot behind the convention centre, a fall that shoves his face hard into the sand, and so is at least symbolically like the one taken inside by a far older person who has also misjudged his balance on a hot Saturday in Ottawa.

Barton screams but his mother does not hear. She is watching the early slips of the other fall and she is laughing. Her feet are up and there is talk of partying all night out here in the trailer lot next to the canal. So long as things continue to go so well.

But right now there is shade and cool drinks and if you twist the rabbit ears just so on the TV sitting on the towel on the roof of the Chevette, it is possible to see what her husband's vote has done to the Wilsons and Crosbies and, they hope so much, the Clarks.

"My God," she shouts, "this is better than the soaps, I swear."

This is what the Harders and their friends have driven all the way from Williams Lake, B.C., to see. They have come to try to dump the Wimp, and as the first ballot results roll up on the screen they shout and cheer and toast their hoped-for future.

Marnie Adamski, sitting in the hot sun next to her husband, Don, shivers when she sees what their man Mulroney has done. Yesterday she was kissed on both cheeks by Wayne

Gretzky; today she has been kissed by heaven, her prayers and those of each delegate from Caribou-Chilcotin answered at once.

So long as the luck holds.

But meanwhile, fill up the glasses at the trailer. The voting delegates have returned. Ron Harder calls for a rye and ginger, beer for the guests. He has cast his vote for Mulroney, as has Muriel Garland, as has the youth delegate, Camilla Belsher. Three more nails in the coffin, they hope. They pray.

"We need an end to the Wimp," says Don Adamski.

"Guts and steam," adds Sandy Harder. "That's what we need."

But why Mulroney? In the beginning it wasn't. Ron Harder, who also serves as riding president for both the federal Tories and the provincial Social Credit, liked Wilson first, and Crosbie a bit. But Wilson seemed a bit monied when he came through. A touch too Bay St., and Ron—being a small businessman with a mobile home business he was in the process of selling—wasn't buying.

And then came Mulroney and his wife, Mila. "It was so low key," Ron remembers. "Just the two of them and they stayed overnight. We just sat around the kitchen talking—just folks, you know what I mean?"

I nod, but of course I do not. Somewhere in the past Mulroney is whispering in to town on a Lear jet, somewhere back there there will always be limousines warming up for him.

But in the past, too, there is Lord Grey at a private reception in 1909 calling this "the stupid party." Every time there is a great opportunity to seize there is a seizure, like the one John Thompson suffered bare moments after Queen Victoria had welcomed him in to the Privy Council at Windsor Palace. Another great Tory hope down. And the party fortunes just as dead.

And in the near past, of course, there is Joe Clark outraging the kind of solid Tories who make up ridings like Caribou-Chilcotin. They will do anything to stop him. They are part of the Anybody-but-Clark movement and so proud of it and vocal with their complaints that Joe Clark would not even come into the riding during this mad campaign.

Ron races off for the next ballot, and as he and Muriel Garland walk into the building they talk about every possible scenario but the one they dare not speak—Joe somehow hanging on—and they seem to say that if he somehow does, they may not.

They are sick of being laughed at. But not of laughing.

Back on the television a panelist dares to ask another: "Do you think Joe Clark is dead in the water?" All around the portable Panasonic the stalkers from Williams Lake howl and call for more ice, fresh drinks. The sun shines down through a short break in the clouds and it is not only good, it is great.

So far.

"Do you think Joe Clark is dead in the water?" Don Adamski repeats, and the laughter repeats, riding out over the road and onto the canal where an empty houseboat lies tied to a slip. It is the Blue Goose and it is covered with Clark posters and crepe paper which has tattered badly and the color has run where the waves have washed over.

Inside, on a bare table with stubbed cigarettes, Joe Clark's favorite drink—a king-sized Coke—sits dead centre, and the bottle is completely drained.

Empty.

Just the way they would want it, back in Williams Lake.

Graceful Joe Clark Makes Bid for Unity

By Val Sears

OTTAWA—Joe Clark, the man who gambled his leadership of the Conservative party and lost, stepped down gracefully last night, turning a powerful opposition over to another man to lead through the next election.

Clark, his wife, Maureen, by his side, told some 6,000 cheering Tories at the Ottawa Civic Centre that "we are a family, a family with occasional differences, but as a family we have to work together. . . ."

It was a bitter moment for the man from Yellowhead riding who, in the seven years he held the leadership, won the support of one out of every two Canadians for the Conservatives.

But his loss of the 1980 election won him a host of enemies. In the end, he felt he had to put his leadership to the challenge. Last night he cashed in his chips—one of politics' tragic losers.

It was his third losing night in a row, after the election and the general meeting in Winnipeg, and both he and Maureen managed it with grace.

His face set in a slight smile, Clark sat in the steaming arena for nine hours watching his lead gradually fade away, certain after the second ballot that he was finished.

But he continued to clap and sing, trying to encourage his followers, while his lieutenants tried to put together the coalition he needed. It was no use. The mood of the convention swung swiftly to Brian Mulroney, a man Clark can barely stand.

Finally, with the fatal totals—1,584 to 1,325—he turned to Maureen and his mother, Grace, shrugged and stood up to make his platform goodby.

Party president Peter Elzinga paid tribute to Clark's leadership and the convention broke into prolonged applause.

"Our party has made its choice," Clark said, his voice hoarse from singing. "The party has a duty to make sure that choice is supported in every corner of the land. From my heart . . . I intend to ensure that happens."

Then, his voice finally cracking, he asked the convention to support his rival unanimously.

Clark has rarely faced—in public at least—the possibility of a loss. But in a quiet moment early in the campaign, he mused it would be a mistake for him to stay in Ottawa as a former leader.

He likely will stay on as a private member, but obviously he loses most of his $105,600 salary as Opposition leader and the gracious party mansion, Stornaway, in which he has lived since losing the prime ministerial house at 24 Sussex Drive.

He has speculated privately that he would like to join an international organization or perhaps edit a small newspaper as his father had done in High River, Alta.

The reasons for Clark's loss will be speculated upon endlessly, but it was clear during the campaign that his heaviest burden was the fact that the party ached for a change.

Although Clark had put together a powerful national organization, his handlers said earlier he had made several mistakes. One was underestimating the impact of Clark's support of a province's right to opt out of national programs. Mulroney quickly made this appear as a support for the Parti Québécois position.

Clark also managed to anger Ontario Premier William Davis' "Big Blue Machine" by calling Davis a "regional candidate."

Bassett Cracks Make Lively TV between Ballots

Bruce Ward: Convention Notebook

OTTAWA—It began as one of those polite round-table panel discussions that gobble up dull television "downtime" between ballots, but it soon descended into an entertaining alley fight between an ex-publisher and political pundits.

John Bassett, owner of CFTO, CTV's flagship station in Toronto, suddenly came out blasting in defence of Joe Clark. "I wanna tell ya, I look around this group right here . . ." said Bassett with a withering glance at panelists Hugh Segal (now an employee of Dalton Camp Associates, but formerly a top adviser to Ontario Premier William Davis), Senator Keith Davey (a.k.a. the Rainmaker) and Jack Webster, (a world-famous Vancouver hotline host who has a daily rant on BCTV which is affiliated with CTV). Gulping air, Bassett continued: "Where the hell would we be today if nobody had ever given any one of us a second chance?"

Then Bassett sank his fangs into Davey's ankle. "Keith Davey blew the '65 election," he said, but the Liberals brought him back and he led the party to victory in 1974.

But Davey snapped back that although the Liberals did not win a majority in 1965, "(Liberal Leader Lester) Pearson stayed at 24 Sussex Drive," the official residence of the prime minister.

"And Davey went to the Senate," was Bassett's snappy comeback.

Great TV.

* * *

Cup in hand, Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed was flitting from table to table at a downtown hotel coffee shop to deliver The Word in person to Alberta's delegates—just in case a few bold ones were harboring secret plans to go ahead and vote for a candidate all by themselves.

Lougheed wore an ultra-suede outfit that perhaps was not as chic as he thought. In fact, Lougheed rather looked as if he were wrapped in a giant Canadian Tire chamois.

His message was short but cryptic: Be sure to vote Alberta's interests, he warned. That may be why some delegates were squirming as Lougheed went on his way squeezing shoulders in a manly fashion. Lougheed never did declare his favorite candidate.

* * *

Tom Axworthy, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's principal handler, just couldn't resist a Tory blood-letting and was seen casually infiltrating a mob of banner-waving Tories on the convention floor.

He caused more than a few eyebrows to shoot upwards. But it wasn't his presence. It was the button he was wearing. It read "I'm for Arthur Maloney."

The button must be one of the gems of Axworthy's collection, said to be the finest assortment of political pins in the country. Maloney, you may recall, ran against Dalton Camp for Tory party president back in 1966.

* * *

Those kamikaze Newfoundland organizers who have sworn blood oaths to candidate John Crosbie flung themselves from their beds yesterday in plenty of time to overrun a prime cheering section at the Civic Centre that Joe Clark's organizers had every intention of occupying.

When Clark's troops hit the floor they found Crosbie supporters wedged into rows of prime seats that fill TV screens when cameramen sweep the arena. And they said that organization was Clark's forte.

* * *

The wicked wit of John Crosbie revived as the long day wore on. Crosbie's first zinger jolted a morning get-together of the Ontario delegation.

Crosbie began by mentioning that his wife, Jane, had rolled over in bed and said she expected to be sleeping with the next prime minister of Canada by bedtime.

After a heartbeat's pause, Crosbie delivered the punchline: "Now I don't think she really meant Joe Clark or Brian Mulroney, do you?"

Crosbie was every bit as wicked in fending off sharp remarks about his weight and David Crombie's penchant for jogging.

"I hope he doesn't overdo it or else he'll have a heart attack," he said, not a very tasteful remark considering Crombie has had a serious heart attack.

"Gosh, he could die and that means I'd be the only man for the job," Crosbie said. "And I hate jogging."

* * *

Hippest button of the day featured a smiling Joe Clark with a wrap-around caption saying "The Who Farewell Tour." Meanest button was pinned to peevish supporters of John Gamble who loathe Clark: "Why limp with the Wimp."

* * *

Those clever supporters backing the surprisingly petulant David Crombie had tied yellow ribbons round the old oak and all other trees lining the Ottawa parkway, where delegates would be sure to spot the banners en route to the Civic Centre.

Good tactic, lousy results. Crombie polled just 116 votes on the first ballot, sending a steady stream of delegates wearing yellow scarves into other camps. Said one insider in Brian Mulroney's camp: "With those yellow neckerchiefs, they look like the cavalry at Little Big Horn."

* * *

Reporters are often rapped by politicians for using unnamed sources to support stories. At least one politician—Joe Clark—turned the tables.

Clark's daily newsletter—called the National Leader—featured a front-page review raving about Clark's speech on Friday. "It was one of the bravest speeches we've heard for years," gushed one. "I am wondering when anyone has made a better speech," said a second. "I was moved."

But none of the media commentators credited with the compliments are named. And Clark's handlers couldn't supply their names. Shame.

* * *

An anti-abortion group called Campaign Life handed delegates a flyer yesterday morning calling for support for John Crosbie as the candidate who best represented its views. But its support was not necessarily welcomed by Crosbie; a poll of delegates showed that a majority supported abortion on demand.

Crombie Ran Alone—And Behind the Pack

By Ross Howard

OTTAWA—David Crombie finished his Conservative leadership race exactly the way he ran his campaign—almost alone, off the beaten track and far behind the pack.

He billed himself the "long-distance runner," a steady jogger carrying a small torch for moderate policies and compassion in a party veering right in search of a leader.

Long-distance running is a lonely sport, which suited Crombie, the party outsider. But early on he took the path of appealing to the country, rather than the party delegates who had the vote.

And it led him to a miserable 116 votes, or 3.9 per cent of 2,988 votes, after the first ballot. He limped over to John Crosbie with a mere 67 followers after the second vote.

The intensely popular former mayor of Toronto from 1972 to 1978 and Rosedale MP finished with his integrity intact—every major candidate paid homage to him.

"The high road leads to the Rock," his supporters cheered as they trailed after him to Crosbie. But the road undoubtedly was the worst Crombie has ever taken, leading to a first and crushing defeat in his career.

His decision to stay on after his dismal first ballot saved Crosbie from being forced off as the bottom-runner in the next vote. But it was almost his only gesture to the realities of Tory leadership races.

Municipal politics can be a solo sport, but federal politics is a team game and from the beginning Crombie lacked the team, the national image and the support.

"It was all wrong, from the start," one of his closest advisers confided after the stunning first vote. "We had Bill Marshall (Crombie's long-time friend, movie producer and image-maker) going in one direction; the Rosedale moms doing their thing; some of us urging him to talk Conservative politics, and him following his dream."

His advisers told him more than a month ago he had insignificant support and "you can't run a national campaign with just friends or win a party election outside the party." But he plodded on.

Delegates across Canada didn't know him—Marshall's reliance on national media fascination was wildly erroneous; the party was more interested in Liberal conquest than moderate traditions; his passionate lecturing of the party reduced him to the role of Tory conscience rather than leadership contender.

Crombie had virtually no commitment from the Ontario party machine, a lone supporter—MP Chris Speyer, who secretly leaned to Brian Mulroney—in the caucus, and no organization of politically experienced professionals to plot his route.

What Crombie had, as perhaps never before, revealed, despite his years of adoring media scrutiny, was a head-strong ambition and blinding belief in what he stood for.

"Canadians will not follow the party down the path to conservative economics, reduced social services and too-cosy relations with the United States," he repeatedly warned in his speeches, and may yet be proven right.

"I love this country," he would add in poetic pronouncements.

But the party loved the idea of falling behind a rough-and-tumble leader. Crombie was never considered one.

"He honestly believed he could win, at first," a worker explained. "By midway, he started believing he had a mission."

But the move from visionary politician who made cities great and average people grin in pride for him, to missionary statesman in a political dogfight, was in the wrong direction.

It was the kind of campaign that culminated in 116 hoarse, sweaty and tear-stained supporters waving daffodil-yellow Crombie umbrellas in the intense heat of the Ottawa Civic Centre—highly visible for the television cameras but ignored by the passing parade of delegates.

In 1982 Crombie announced he intended to be leader and prime minister "when Joe Clark no longer is leader."

He grinned and chuckled his way through his low-cost national campaign, using his gentle, prodding and self-deprecating humor to diffuse the conflict and antagonism. But the others ran a bitter and vehement race.

"I'm just poking along."

'We Got Him,' Says MP Gleeful at Clark's Loss

By David Vienneau and *Bruce Ward*

OTTAWA—Tory MP George Hees danced a jig when Brian Mulroney defeated former Conservative leader Joe Clark on the fourth ballot.

He then threw up his hands in victory—the Quebec businessman had attained revenge against the man who came from nowhere to beat him during the 1976 Conservative leadership race.

"We've got him," Hees (Northumberland) said yesterday, "We've got the s.o.b."

But when confronted by a reporter, Hees took a calmer attitude. Mulroney's victory, he said, would finally bring peace to what has been a very divided Tory caucus.

However, some of Mulroney's caucus supporters, reminding everyone of Clark's statement during the leadership campaign that "it's my way or the door way," say that if any of Clark's supporters don't like Mulroney's style of rule they can quit.

"There will be some bitterness but if they can't take the heat they should get out of the kitchen," said one Western MP, who was interviewed on the condition he not be identified.

Clark's caucus supporters were very low-key in defeat, saying only that they would support the new leader. One MP jokingly denied the rumor that the 37 MPs who supported Clark heading into the convention would today begin buying up all of the old "leadership review buttons."

Avowed Clark supporter Flora MacDonald (Kingston and the Islands), her eyes brimming with tears, said it "is an exciting, a very exciting time for the party.

"I don't see any reason in the world they (Clark and Mulroney) shouldn't work together," she added.

And one of Clark's original 1976 supporters, Alan McKinnon (Victoria), said: "Naturally I'm not happy about it but we can live with it. We lost in a fair and clean fight."

All Clark supporter Harvie André would say was, "As the British say: 'The king is dead, long live the king.'"

Other Mulroney supporters said the caucus has no choice but to accept Mulroney because he was elected in a fair and democratic way.

MP Gordon Towers (Red Deer) said: "There should be no problem at all. I'm satisfied caucus will work just as hard as it can. There is a real desire to work together to win that next election."

And interim opposition leader Erik Nielsen told the convention that although Mulroney was not his first choice as leader, the party must rally behind him for the "difficult task ahead."

"I share with you the utter conviction that under Brian's leadership this party will march to victory in the next election," he said, prior to introducing Mulroney.

"Our first task is to unite behind Brian, and our second task is to get rid of those Grits. And our final—and our most important task—is to elect a Conservative government. . . . That will once more make this country worth living in again."

Lack of French Was Crosbie's Fatal Flaw

By Joe O'Donnell

OTTAWA—In the end, it was his inability to speak his country's second official language that cost John Crosbie his chance to lead the Tories in the next election.

"I guess the French thing meant quite a lot to quite a few delegates," he confessed after the third-ballot results spelled out his defeat. "But we gave it our best shot. I have no bitterness. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I can accept these results."

But many of his supporters could not, blaming what they called a stubborn Joe Clark for his refusal to send his support over to Crosbie after Clark failed to gain ground on the second ballot.

"Good old Joe Clark," snapped a tearful and embittered Cole Raffery, an Ontario delegate from Algoma. "He could have made a winner out of Crosbie and stopped Mulroney. But he pulled the same old stunt.

"He really pulled a John Diefenbaker. No. What he really pulled was a typical Joe Clark," grumbled Raffery.

Calvin Petrie, a Crosbie supporter from Cape Breton, said that it was probably the French issue, more than Joe Clark, that did Crosbie in. "He had a lot of ground to make up from the first ballot and it just wasn't there. At least not enough was there for him to win."

Ontario cabinet minister Bette Stephenson, who moved publicly to Crosbie on the third ballot, was clearly not pleased with the Clark-Mulroney showdown on the final ballot.

She walked backstage at the Ottawa Civic Centre to console some Crosbie workers and, en route, Nancy Jamieson, a Clark supporter and senior adviser to Premier William Davis, asked her if she would wear a Clark button.

"No, I will not wear one of those, thank you," she snapped.

And Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford, who served as master cheerleader throughout the day in the Crosbie section of the convention, was equally annoyed with the results.

Peckford angrily shoved reporters' microphones away from Crosbie when Crosbie and his entourage left their seats for a backroom strategy meeting after the third ballot. But Peckford said later he would support Clark on the final ballot.

Although Crosbie trailed Clark by 452 votes and Mulroney by 235 votes on the first ballot, no one in the building was counting Crosbie out, including Crosbie himself.

"We are exactly where we want to be," he told reporters of his third-place finish. "We are a very solid third place and we have lots of room to grow. I have strong second-choice support, so I'm very encouraged." But the problem, Crosbie strategists recognized, was Mulroney's equally solid second spot.

"It's a worry," conceded Crosbie campaign manager John Laschinger. "But not an insurmountable one." But as it turned out, it was too large to overcome in time for a shot on the final ballot.

On the second ballot, even though Clark stood still, Crosbie failed to narrow the gap between himself and Mulroney. Crosbie did get a lift when David Crombie, who was eliminated, joined the Crosbie camp. But it was not enough.

There was some frantic movement on the convention floor before the third ballot, as an avalanche of Crosbie supporters descended on the Clark camp to recruit votes. They tried to convince Clark and his people he couldn't beat Mulroney but Crosbie could.

But they could not make a deal. On the third ballot, Clark held onto his support and so did Mulroney. Crosbie gained just

77 votes, to end up at 858 votes. At 7:30 p.m., after more than 100 days and thousands of miles campaigning across the country, it was all over for the 52-year Newfoundland MP.

Crosbie endorsed neither Clark nor Mulroney on the final ballot.

"Naturally, we're all very disappointed. But life goes on and I will support the leader," former Tory MP and long-time Crosbie supporter Jean Piggott said.

Crosbie said he intends to run again in the next federal election and that he would serve in a Mulroney cabinet.

He said he has no immediate plans, other than to recover from the long and gruelling campaign: "Tomorrow, I'm playing tennis. And Monday I'm starting my French lessons," he quipped. Crosbie had promised he would be able to speak French by the next election campaign.

At the outset of the campaign, the former Conservative finance minister was given just a distant chance of winning the party leadership. But his support in Ontario and the western provinces was far stronger than anyone had expected.

But it was in Quebec, where he had virtually no support, that he made the biggest gaffe of his campaign just a few weeks ago, insisting that his inability to speak French was no worse than the fact that he cannot speak Chinese or German.

Crosbie seemed to have recovered from that blunder and his speech to delegates Friday night was generally acknowledged as the best of all the candidates'. Some observers once again were convinced that Crosbie might have enough momentum yesterday to score an upset victory from third place on the first ballot, the same way Joe Clark won in 1976.

But in the end, it was just not enough. And in the end, his key strategists admitted, it was his inability to speak French that did him in.

Said Laschinger: "We did all we could and we realized it was either there for John or it wasn't."

And it wasn't.

Pocklington Blames the System for Poor Finish

By Dan Smith

OTTAWA—Peter Pocklington's attempt to become leader of the Conservative party crashed here yesterday, but the flamboyant political rookie insists it was the system that was at fault, not him.

"It shocked me," said the Edmonton businessman, after his dismal sixth-place finish on the Tory convention's first ballot. He took just 102 votes, but his support was similar to that won by Michael Wilson and David Crombie, two veteran politicians, and he says he learned a lot in the process.

"I think we've got to change our system to one of a primary system, and let the people of the country decide what our leadership is," an outwardly calm but still shaken Pocklington told *The Star*, minutes after throwing his support to Brian Mulroney. In the U.S., party leaders are chosen by what in effect is a national election by party members at large—a system that would have helped a rookie from outside the party, like Pocklington.

"I've learned that people will promise you one thing, and vote another," said the owner of the NHL's Edmonton Oilers. "Not that they (delegates) all react and act that way, but unfortunately some do. When you have a small group choosing someone with that much power, they can be possibly manipulated with promises later on."

Pocklington, 41, refused to commit himself to running for election as an MP. Instead, he said, he was hopeful that he may yet test his ideas of a flat-rate tax system and free-port trading areas. Both Mulroney and John Crosbie had already promised to allow him to head a special federal commission on those ideas, if they should become prime minister. He opted for Mulroney after the first-ballot shock for one reason—he thought Mulroney had a better chance of knocking off Joe Clark.

But even with some creditors already suing him for unpaid campaign debts, the tenacious Pocklington says his daring and expensive plunge into politics was worth it.

"You're damn right, I'd do it again and again and again," he says. "Because I love people who have the courage and conviction to not be afraid to stand for what they believe in. Otherwise, why bother living?"

The campaign by the flamboyant 41-year-old Pocklington never really met expectations, and a disappointed candidate admitted earlier Saturday that "I don't have the political strength."

He spent more than $500,000 wooing delegates across the country, often whisking through a half-dozen cities daily on his private Lear jet, but it was his political inexperience and hard-line stand which did him in.

Throughout the campaign Pocklington, the head of a financial empire worth nearly $1 billion, maintained he'd throw it all away to run as an MP if he lost, as long as Clark wasn't the leader.

His showing here was still good enough, however, to justify the thoughts of many who saw the interest created by his straightforward dynamism and simple ideas during the campaign: Given some years to build his credibility, skill, and ranking within the party, he could become a politician to be feared.

Pocklington's next move, however, will be a brief holiday and a return to business.

Young Tories Wanted a Winner

By Trish Crawford

OTTAWA—More than one-third of the 3,006 delegates attending the Tory leadership convention here were under 30 years of age.

The 1,024 young Tories were hungry for a leader who could deliver them a win and most placed their support firmly in the corners of the three main contenders. The 300-plus supporters in each of the Brian Mulroney and Joe Clark camps vowed they'd never vote for the other side.

Douglas Moore, 20, a business student at University of New Brunswick, said he thought Clark had deserved to win. "If we're going to pick a leader we might as well have a politician," he said in reference to the fact that Mulroney had never run for public office.

Tony Josse, 23, an alderman in the southern Ontario town of Grimsby, said he backed Clark all the way because "Mulroney ran a dirty campaign, too much arm-twisting."

Both young Tories said they would have voted for Newfoundlander John Crosbie rather than let Mulroney win, if it had come to a choice between the two.

But the hard-core Mulroney supporters said they wanted to support a winner and that Clark had proven he was not.

"Clark has had his chance," said law student Kyle Friesen, 24, of British Columbia. "He's been there seven years, it's time he's gone."

Clark "may be a competent politician, but he doesn't have the image." He said Mulroney would deliver Quebec and, hence, a Conservative majority in Ottawa.

Ron Finnigan, 21, of Kamloops, B.C., said a lot of the support for Mulroney was based on the fact that Clark failed "to hold the caucus, the party and the country."

He said many young Mulroney supporters would have switched to Crosbie rather than vote for Clark, because they believed Crosbie had a better chance of winning voter support.

Crosbie supporter John Burt, 24, from Memorial University in Newfoundland, said he was pleasantly surprised when he heard Clark speak at a meeting three months ago.

"He knocked the socks off me. Unfortunately, people don't look at that. They look at the past seven years. There's too big a rift in the party. One of the things I want to wake up to tomorrow morning is a unified party."

Many of the young delegates said they felt Crosbie gave the best speech.

"At least Crosbie got people worked up and excited," said Christopher Henley, 23, of Calgary.

Wilson Moved Quickly to Stop Clark

By Martin Cohn

OTTAWA—Michael Wilson's dismal showing in the Tory leadership race left him a humbled man.

Tearful supporters and a sullen Wilson were devastated yesterday by his failure to get more than 144 votes on the first ballot—less than half the number he'd brashly predicted only hours before.

Pegged from the start as a dark-horse candidate, Wilson, 45, fell far below his own target of at least 350 votes—a figure that could have made him a contender.

Wilson, the MP for Etobicoke Centre, was dumbfounded by his poor showing. "I don't know the answer. . . . We had a large number of people who said they were going to support us. They obviously were telling other candidates the same thing."

His reaction on hearing the initial results "was unprintable," and left him just a little wounded, he conceded in an interview.

When his dull-but-determined drive for delegate support crumbled, Wilson huddled with close advisers for 20 agonizing minutes before making his move.

Wilson, trade minister in the Clark government of 1979, tried to salvage something by moving quickly to back the candidate he thought had the best chance of winning yesterday—Brian Mulroney.

Along with defeated candidate Peter Pocklington, Wilson made the symbolic walk over to Mulroney's seat several rows away. His wife, Margie, was at his side, fighting back tears.

While some of his supporters cried helplessly, the bilingual

Wilson told reporters he chose Mulroney because he wanted a bilingual politician running the country.

"It's very important we have someone as leader of our party who can relate to all of Canada. I was concerned Mr. (John) Crosbie was not able to do that."

But he denied making any deals to serve as Mulroney's finance minister, saying his future is in the hands of the party leader. "He (Mulroney) is the right person—but no deals, not at all."

Campaign manager Michael Perik told *The Star* Wilson went to Mulroney in a bid to stop front-runner Joe Clark. "We felt Brian Mulroney had the best chance to do that."

Perik said he huddled in a back room with campaign adviser Pat Kinsella, who engineered British Columbia Premier Bill Bennett's recent election victory.

"It was simply the numbers. . . . Kinsella and I looked at the numbers and came to the conclusion we had to move quickly to stop Joe Clark. The way to do that was to go to Brian Mulroney."

Perik explained Wilson's disappointing performance by saying delegates who had pledged support to him were swayed by the need to back Mulroney in a bid to head off Clark.

Wilson was also hurt when his speech to delegates the night before fell flat, his supporters said.

Metro Waits for Bitter End to Back Mulroney

By David Miller

OTTAWA—Metro Toronto delegates to the Tory leadership convention did not get on the Brian Mulroney bandwagon until the last ballot.

And many were bitterly disappointed last night that the final choice came down to Mulroney or Joe Clark. More than half the 300 Metro delegates supported John Crosbie, Michael

Wilson or David Crombie, and even Mulroney organizers admitted he did not have wide Toronto support before the last vote.

In the end, Metro settled on Mulroney more as an anti-Clark vote than a pro-Mulroney ticket. Even Metro Chairman Paul Godfrey waited until the last minute before swinging to Mulroney.

For other delegates, the choice was harder.

"I started with Wilson," said Richard Barr of Ontario riding, "then I went to Mulroney, not because I'm that sold on him." But he said he believed Mulroney was the only candidate who could stop Clark.

Metro followed the same course delegates have been taking since 1981, when 60 per cent voted for a leadership review. Toronto has always been a graveyard for Clark and even his early committed Metro vote (about 80 delegates) melted away in the end.

One disappointed delegate was Stephen Jalsevac of Scarborough Centre, who stuck with Crosbie throughout the night. He hoped Clark's Toronto support would move to Crosbie, but when it didn't, he was in a quandary.

"Mulroney does have a little support in Scarborough, but I'm not sure I like him. He talks well, but never seems to say anything."

If there was a surprise among Metro delegates it was the poor first-ballot showing of Wilson and his subsequent decision to go to Mulroney. Many thought Wilson would move to Crosbie, and Crosbie organizers were openly selling that scenario.

But Mulroney organizer John Morrison said the Wilson move did not translate into a major shift of Toronto votes.

"Clark and Crosbie had the bulk all the way and they stuck with them. We didn't even pick up anything after Crombie dropped off. And remember, John Gamble had 16 Metro votes and he went to Crosbie."

Regardless, Mulroney's Metro campaign manager, Bob Jarvis, was happy with the final switch to Mulroney instead of Clark.

Clark worker Ron Atkey, a former MP for St. Paul's, estimated Clark had about 30 per cent of Toronto and was tied with Crosbie for the bulk of Metro support, with Wilson third, Mulroney fourth and Crombie a distant fifth.

But, said Atkey, the major surprise in Metro was the lack of support for David Crombie. "The biggest disappointment in this convention for the people of Metro has to be the humiliation of David Crombie. . . . The Grits will exploit that. People saw him on TV back home and liked him; now they'll wonder why the convention spurned him."

Here's what Metro voters did, ballot by ballot:

☐ First: Clark had about one-third of the Metro vote committed for one ballot, with main strength downtown in Trinity, Davenport, Spadina, Broadview-Greenwood, with a few scattered votes in northern ridings.

Crosbie was strong in the east, especially Scarborough, and also had about a third of the support. Wilson was strong in his home riding of Etobicoke Centre and the west and North.

☐ Second: Wilson and Gamble both dropped, with Wilson going to Mulroney and Gamble to Crosbie. But even Wilson organizers said their 144-vote delegation was split, with Crosbie picking up some.

Clark, meanwhile, did not gain.

☐ Third: Crombie support dropped to an embarrassing 67 votes with most of his people, according to MPP Sue Fish, opting for Crosbie or Clark. Crombie himself went for Crosbie, but by the time he made it to the side of the Newfoundlander, many delegates had already cast their ballots.

Crombie supporter Elizabeth Smith of York Centre was typical of many delegates going into the last ballot. "I voted for Crombie and then I voted for Crosbie." She swung behind Mulroney for the last ballot, saying, Clark "hung on too lo

Shocked Gamble Says His Poor Showing Was 'Disastrous'

By David Vienneau

OTTAWA—John Gamble grimaced, his head dropped, and he mumbled, "17 votes. That's terrible."

Then, slowly rising and beckoning his handful of supporters, the MP for York North said they should throw their support to John Crosbie.

He turned to reporters and told them: "It was a disastrous showing on my part.

"I did very badly. Obviously it reflects the views of the delegates here and I accept it."

Gamble's showing proved what many political pundits and some of his own colleagues had been saying about his right-wing campaign: It was a joke. "I expected to get a great deal more support than I did.

"I got some excellent responses from my speech (on Friday night) but I fear it didn't materialize in the form of tangible votes."

Asked why he thought delegates rejected a platform that was for capital punishment and against use of metric, foreign aid, bilingualism, the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. and, above all, Joe Clark policies, Gamble said, "I have no idea."

Then, pausing for reflection, he said: "A lot of delegates came here committed and I was unable to sway them. That is the reality of it. I don't think it's because they have more moderate views."

He vowed he will never again run for the leadership.

He said he subsequently supported Crosbie because he knows him better than Brian Mulroney.

Gamble showed he had no time for Clark.

Of Clark's possible defeat after first-ballot results were in, Gamble said:

"I hope it comes slowly. I hope it takes five ballots because

I want to prolong Joe's agony. I want to chip away at him slowly. I want to hurt him just a little bit at a time."

Fraser Loses but His Anti-Metric Cause Lives On

By Alan Christie

OTTAWA—Neil Fraser's short but meteoric career as a would-be politician is over, but his cause stays strong in the hearts of many Conservatives.

Fraser, fired by the federal government for his anti-metric stance, got only five votes on the first ballot yesterday—the second-lowest total garnered by a Tory leadership candidate since the first convention in 1927. At the 1967 convention, candidate Mary Walker-Sawka got two votes.

After first-ballot results, anxious John Crosbie supporters stood in front of Fraser's box waiting to put Crosbie baseball hats on Fraser and friends.

Fraser was not a voting delegate but Tory MP William Domm of Peterborough said, "It doesn't matter, he will bring all those anti-metric groups with him."

Fraser talked things over with Domm and then announced he would throw his five votes to Crosbie, whom he described as a "straight shooter."

Davis Keeps Vote Secret—But His Ministers Don't

By Alan Christie

OTTAWA—Premier William Davis kept his intentions—and most of his activities—secret yesterday, but his provincial cabinet ministers broke their oath of secrecy and openly supported their favorites in the leadership race.

Davis spent almost no time in the VIP box at the Civic Centre as he and some of his Tory friends and ministers lounged in the cool reception area of the Ottawa '67s hockey team.

And although he refused to say whom he voted for on the first ballot, sources said it was Michael Wilson. Later, he said Wilson was a "credible candidate in my view." He wouldn't say whom he voted for on later ballots.

But it's clear many members of his cabinet and caucus were strong members of the "Anybody but Clark (ABC)" movement. One source who visited the hockey team's lounge said: "They agreed they wanted to get (Clark) for the way he's treated Ontario Tories since 1979."

The provincial caucus agreed as late as last week to remain publicly neutral, sources said. But that was shattered yesterday.

Agriculture Minister Dennis Timbrell, predicted to be Davis' successor, sat in Wilson's box until after the first ballot then moved with his candidate to Brian Mulroney.

Timbrell said in an interview that Wilson had once worked for him in a provincial election campaign. "I was invited to sit with him. What's the difference between that and putting on a button?"

He also said he switched to Mulroney even though Mulroney has never held political office.

"He's got 30 years of experience and given his other assets, I think that overcame" that handicap.

Correctional Services Minister Nick Leluk also moved from Wilson to Mulroney.

Education Minister Bette Stephenson and Treasurer Frank Miller moved from Wilson to John Crosbie, where Tourism Minister Reuben Baetz had been all day.

Clark got third-ballot support from Social Services Minister Frank Drea and Culture Minister Bruce McCaffery, who had been with David Crombie on the first two ballots.

Davis said his cabinet ministers "behaved themselves well" by not publicly endorsing anyone before the convention, although sources said he was perturbed that they were so public yesterday.

Davis, his wife, Kathleen, and his aides had their luggage in their cars parked outside the Civic Centre and left before the winner was announced.

The Long TV Haul Worth It for Viewers

By Jack Miller

Now that's what you call a television special.

Don't talk "special" to me any more when you mean some paperweight hour with a singer or a dancer.

The Conservatives' civil war yesterday had all the elements that make great television:

☐ Elation—Joe Clark's face when the first vote was announced;

☐ Tension—Clark's face when Michael Wilson and Peter Pocklington took their walk to Brian Mulroney;

☐ Bravado—almost any candidate's face, almost any time;

☐ Intrigue—when the CBC's Don Newman told us Erik Nielsen was organizing a backstage stop-Mulroney drive;

☐ No end of possibilities for surprise twists—as when it was suggested Clark might quit while he was in first place, to help John Crosbie stop Mulroney;

☐ There was even the Touche-Ross man, after every vote, delivering "the envelope, please."

Our conventions get better, and our TV networks get better at catching the flavor of them.

Because of that, it would seem not only unfair but pointless to try to pick a winner between the CBC and CTV in yesterday's coverage. They were both terrific.

One thing, though—the Global network, which has built itself a strong reputation in news, did not add to it yesterday. At

5.51 p.m., after David Crombie took his walk to Crosbie, I switched one more time to Global to see if they had relented yet and jumped into the game. They did later, of course, but at that point they were still busy with other things. They were handing me Chico and The Man, slogging through an umpteenth rerun, a spectacle which made me remember, against my will, that both its stars were dead.

Back on CBC and CTV everybody was alive, even the losers, who were pondering their chances to play king-makers.

Both the national networks had been on the job since 11 a.m. It's murder for news people, trying to talk that long without scripts without saying something silly now and then. The night before, the odds had caught up even with CTV's formidable Pam Wallin. After Joe had delivered a so-so speech, Pam asked wife Maureen McTeer how she thought her husband had done. To her credit, Maureen didn't cut her off with "What a silly question!" She just said "Great." And smiled.

(McTeer, for that matter, was one of the nice surprises of the show, dropping in unannounced to the CTV booth, sounding cheerful, showing good political savvy and arguing the professional pundits there to the ground.)

On the CBC yesterday morning, we had another example of silly say-anything-to-fill-time talk. Barbara Frum got party insider Norm Atkins to analyze the candidates' chances. Then the network switched to unflappable anchorman Peter Mansbridge, who had his own panel of analysts analyzing the analyses of Barbara's analyst.

Mulroney's First Move Is to Bring Unity to Party

By Robert McKenzie

OTTAWA—In his first moments as the new leader of the Conservative party last night, Brian Mulroney moved to heal the wounds of the leadership campaign and unite a party that has been wrought by internal strife for the past three years.

Mulroney's first words to the delegates in Ottawa's steamy-hot Civic Centre were for outgoing leader Joe Clark, his defeated rival, and his wife Maureen McTeer as well as for the party's interim leader Erik Nielsen, a Clark supporter.

The new chief praised Clark as a man "who has served this party with dignity, honor and courage."

Clark, who had already shaken Mulroney's hand and pledged his support, walked from the end of the stage and the two men exchanged another firm handshake.

"I salute him as a friend and as a colleague-in-arms and as a distinguished and most thoughtful Canadian," Mulroney said.

Then he turned to Maureen McTeer, standing erect and expressionless beside her husband, and added: "And Maureen, who has contributed so much to this party and to this country."

Recalling that he first met Clark "when I guess we were both 17 or 18," the 44-year-old leader continued: "Joe has played over all these years and must continue to play a prominent role in the leadership of the Conservative party and of Canada."

In a surprise move, Mulroney publicly asked Nielsen, the veteran MP for the Yukon who has been the party's interim leader since Clark stepped down to call the leadership convention last January, to continue as the Tory House leader in the House of Commons.

Moments earlier, Nielsen had reminded the delegates that Mulroney had not been his "first choice" for leader but Mulroney was now assured of his unswerving support.

Mulroney said humorously in French that he had not intended to make any announcements in his speech but "my friend Mr. Nielsen gives me no choice."

Although he might not have been Nielsen's first choice as leader, Mulroney said, "I want you to know that he is my first choice as House leader of this party." The announcement was greeted with thunderous applause.

In the rest of his 19-minute address, Mulroney steered clear of policy issues, promising only to "build a new party and a brand new country—a country that is more generous, more tolerant, more equitable and more just."

Asked how he feels about facing Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in the Commons, Mulroney said: "Given Mr. Trudeau's record in running this country, if he conducts himself in Parliament as he runs the country, I'm not going to lose too much sleep over it. He's a very able guy but I can hold my own."

The two most pressing problems facing Mulroney will be uniting the party and the caucus of Conservative MPs in Ottawa behind his leadership and negotiating the resignation of a Tory MP to open up a seat in the House of Commons for him.

One possibility bandied around last night was that party president Peter Elzinga, MP for the Alberta riding of Pembina, may step down to create a Commons vacancy.

He said he will announce soon where he will run.

Those close to Mulroney say his well-established record as a conciliator—both as a management labor relations lawyer and as president of the previously strike-plagued Iron Ore Co. of Canada—augurs well for his handling of the caucus.

Mulroney won the convention with right-wing support, including that of former trade minister Michael Wilson, who promised during the campaign to abolish a number of Crown corporations, and Edmonton entrepreneur Peter Pocklington.

But Mulroney advisers say people will be surprised by the manner in which he'll succeed in bringing these elements together with the more centrist elements in the party, such as former Toronto mayor David Crombie, who rallied yesterday to Clark when he himself was eliminated from the race.

"Brian has been accused of being vague on policy but at least that means he has room to manoeuvre with the various tendencies inside the party," said one of his top organizers.

During the leadership campaign, a Mulroney style emerged—he would use a colorful, hard-hitting phrase, often likely to be pleasing to the party's right wing, but in fact covering an ill-defined policy stance which might be much closer to the centre.

Mulroney's stance on the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) was typical. He said he had found on his world travels that everywhere he went it had given Canada a bad name. "In Japan, they've never heard of Ottawa but they can spell FIRA," he would say.

But, pressed for details, Mulroney would limit himself to saying he'd "put FIRA on the back burner." If the questioner wasn't satisfied, he'd harden his stand with a promise to fire the first civil servant who used FIRA to prevent a much-needed investment coming to Canada.

It seems Mulroney won't make an axe-wielding assault on Crown corporations—more likely there will be gradual attrition and tougher controls.

"In the case of PetroCan, small is beautiful," he says, obviously meaning the Crown oil development and marketing agency wouldn't be scrapped, merely scaled down.

Mulroney is eloquent in his promotion of closer Canada-U.S. relations, promising above all to adopt an attitude of openness which would dispel what he sees as a present climate of suspicion between the two countries.

It's on the broad lines of an economic program—and on his approach to Quebec—that Mulroney speaks most clearly.

He proposes doubling the private and public funds allocated to research and development within five years as part of an over-all economic package which would produce more than 500,000 new jobs by 1990. He also promises to control government spending and balance the Canadian budget in the same period.

On Quebec, Mulroney stands for an "indivisible Canada," rejecting any deals with separatist Premier René Lévesque unless the Parti Québécois leader makes a prior commitment to Canada.

Mulroney says he'll go into Quebec if Lévesque holds the next provincial election on the issue of Quebec independence and fight on the federalist side.

"Get rid of the Parti Québécois and I'll make a deal with Quebec on the Constitution," he says.

Mulroney Stance Vague: Ouellet

By Joe O'Donnell

OTTAWA—A bilingual leader is not an easy ticket to more votes in Quebec, says a senior Liberal cabinet minister from the province.

"Brian Mulroney does speak a very fluent French, but in neither language (English or French) has he been very forthcoming on major issues," said Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister André Ouellet of the new Tory leader.

"In Quebec, as in the rest of Canada, people are looking for solutions to our problems. And there is still a long time before the next election. Mr. Mulroney has to be a lot more specific to swing voters his way."

Ouellet, who went to law school with Mulroney at Laval University in Quebec city, said he also expects Mulroney "to make some mistakes" in his early days as Conservative leader, "the same way Joe Clark did in his first period as leader. He has no political or parliamentary experience yet."

And those mistakes, he predicted, will hurt Mulroney.

Ouellet was echoed by Gerry Caplan, the New Democratic Party's federal secretary, who said Mulroney will find the House of Commons a completely different experience from anything in his past. And Caplan foresees trouble for the Quebecer in the West, where the NDP is the main foe of the Tories.

Keith Davey, Liberal campaign chairman, also said Mulroney will have to prove himself to voters before he can claim support at the expense of the Liberals.

"I don't see any sign of Mulroney-mania yet," he said. Davey acknowledged there will be a "media halo" for a few months, but he advised Mulroney to "get into the House as quickly as you can."

Brian Turner vs John Mulroney in Next Election?

By Richard Gwyn

OTTAWA—Following Brian Mulroney's victory at the Conservative leadership convention, commentators are already speculating that the next election will be between him and former finance minister John Turner as the new Liberal leader.

My fellow pundits have got it all wrong. The next election will instead be between John Mulroney and Brian Turner.

The pair are so alike they could be twins. Both are good-looking, stylish, telegenic, and have smiles that could melt mirrors (the mirrors they are looking at, that is). They're both tennis players and sports fans (with Mulroney it's hockey, with Turner, football), and are impeccably bilingual and impeccably suited. Both are pragmatists rather than philosophers. Both are 'people-people' rather than 'big-idea people.'

Assuming that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau does retire soon (he will), and that Turner succeeds him (he will, if he runs—which is still a big 'if'), then Canadian voters may encounter some difficulties in telling them apart.

As leaders of opposing parties, for instance, Mulroney and Turner will make the urgent need to change the government the central issue of their campaign.

Mulroney's theme will be that, for Canadians to achieve their manifest desire to change the government, they should elect a Conservative administration in place of the, by now, almost interminable, Liberal one. By contrast, Turner's theme will be that the most effective way to change the Trudeau government will be by installing a Turner government, and indeed that this change has already happened—since by the time of the next election he will have succeeded Trudeau as prime minister for several months and will have used this time to do all he could to be seen as having changed the government.

Also, Mulroney and Turner will both declare that the economy can only be saved by the private sector, and most particularly so, by small businesses.

Mulroney, though, will bring to this task his experience as former president of the giant Iron Ore Company of Canada. Turner instead will apply the experience he has acquired as a Bay Street corporate lawyer—for companies like Iron Ore of Canada.

Both will say Quebec's real problem isn't language any more, but the economy. Mulroney will say this, not just in flawless French but in the colloquial, street French he learned while growing up in Quebec, while Turner will say it in the flawless, colloquial French he learned growing up in Quebec.

Both will say confrontational federalism has to end. Turner will say this from the regional perspective he gained while going to college in the West, and Mulroney from the regional perspective he gained while going to college in the East (Nova Scotia, that is).

Both will say that Parliament must be reformed. Turner will say this because he was there, and left; Mulroney because he was never there.

Despite these surface similarities, one distinction between Mulroney and Turner will soon become easy for Canadians to spot. As Conservative leader, Mulroney will turn out to be quite liberal. As Liberal leader, Turner will turn out to be decidedly conservative.

The voting decisions Canadians will have to make thus will be made easy for them. To get what they want, conservatives will do best to vote Liberal and liberals will do best to vote Conservative. Anyway, those who make a mistake and vote the wrong way won't notice the difference once either becomes leader.

In the end, the only Canadians who become confused may be Mulroney and Turner themselves. They may find it hard to remember which one of them is called John and which one is called Brian.

Interview with Ian Urquhart

Executive journalism is not that frequently celebrated—outside the pay office. And yet the planning and management of major coverage are of crucial importance—especially to large news organizations. The Star's *impressive winning entry is obviously the result of meticulous planning, teamwork and talented direction. First of all, how was your Tory leadership coverage planned?*

Well, after Joe Clark lost, in effect, the Winnipeg vote—well, he won it but he lost, because he didn't do as well as he wanted—we had a big meeting down here with Bob Hepburn, the Ottawa bureau chief, and Ray Timson, the managing editor, Gary Lautens, who was the executive managing editor, myself, John Miller, who's the deputy managing editor, and I think probably Phil McLeod, who then was assistant managing editor. We talked about what we wanted to do between then and the convention and a little bit of what we wanted to do at the convention itself.

What sorts of things were you talking about?

Things like: How many candidates are there going to be? Do we staff each candidate from day one of the campaign, or do we just cover them early on and then drop them and then come back to them? What other sorts of stories do we want to do? Do we want to put out a special section? At what time should we put it out? All that sort of thing. We did not really get into the nitty-gritty detail covering the convention itself. We left that till much later.

Shortly before the convention we would have had another meeting with many of the same people, probably not Gary Lautens, because he didn't want to get into that sort of detail, but Timson, Miller, McLeod, myself, Hepburn and some other people at this end who had some specific concerns. Nick Van Rijn at that point was looking after VDTs for us, so he would have been at the meeting to discuss how we were going to set up electronically in the press room at the convention centre to transmit copy. Mary Deanne Shears at the time was the city editor. She was in the meeting to discuss what extra staff she had to put on the rewrite desk. The Sunday editor at the time was Lou Clancy. He was there to discuss what extra space he needed for his paper because the big push was on for the Sunday paper.

I don't keep a good diary, so I don't have an exact list of who was there, but at a meeting shortly before the convention we sat down and laid out how much space we wanted to give to each day of the convention and what basic stories we wanted to have in each day's paper. Conventions are the sorts of things you can plan in advance like that, even this one, where the winner was uncertain. You can do a lot of advance planning, because you know there are going to be votes at certain times, you know there are going to be speeches at certain times, you can decide how much play you want to give them and what sort of play. On the speeches on Friday night, do you give each of them equal time, each eight-inch stories, or do you say the hell with that, we'll just concentrate on the top three or four guys and ignore John Gamble?

What did you decide?

We did a bit of both. Certainly the main story on the front, which I believe Val Sears wrote on the Friday night, yes it was Val, concentrated on the big hitters like Clark, Mulroney and Crosbie. But we had copy inside on the others, so we didn't totally ignore them.

The convention day itself—again, a lot of it was set out in advance, but the morning of the convention all the people who were in Ottawa, myself and about two dozen others when you add up everybody, sat down and had a meeting, and we said, all right, let's go over it one more time. As soon as your candidate's eliminated you go to the VDT and write your story on your candidate. We can't wait around and have everybody coming in at the last moment, so we got a lot of that copy in early in the afternoon. Copy on people like John Gamble and the Minah Bird Candidate, Neil Fraser. We called him the Minah Bird Candidate not because he had a minah bird—there was another candidate who did have a minah bird, and that became sort of synonomous with the real lunatic fringe.

You had this meeting in the convention hall?

Yes, we did that in the convention hall itself, up at the press centre. We got there early in the morning. There were obvious subsidiary stories: How did Metro vote? So we assigned somebody to that from the start. The youth vote we decided we should track as a separate story. A lot of work was done just grabbing delegates for quotes that didn't fit into any single story, that didn't become single stories on their own, but fitted into various stories.

Did you have rewrite people there that they could feed this stuff to?

We had a couple of loose reporters who did not have a specific assignment like Brian Mulroney, John Gamble, Metro delegates—did not have that sort of specific assignment, but you could get them to go find out, right now: What are Quebec delegates saying? Clark's Quebec delegates, are they drifting over toward Mulroney to stop Crosbie, because they see Crosbie as worse than Mulroney? That sort of thing. We could send a reporter to get those sorts of quotes and then slot them into the appropriate story right there at the Civic Centre.

That resulted, for instance, in a line in a story about those Quebec delegates being whisked out of the convention.

I think Bill Fox got that. He's now working for Mulroney, but he was one of the ones we had just to do stray assignments like that and maybe not write a story, and I don't think he did write a story as I recall, but to slot quotes and background into other people's copy. He'd come back, write it up as an insert and we'd have it there right on the machine, or he might do it on a typewriter, and we'd ship it to the reporter who was doing a story on that overall event.

A lot of that was done with the main story, which was by Bob Hepburn. He had a lot of stuff being thrown at him by me. The copy would come to me, and I'd throw him stuff and say, "Here, we should get this quote in there," or this bit of information in there. He worked under tremendous pressure, because the last vote was at nine-thirty, and that's normally our deadline, copy cutoff, here on a Saturday night. So he was really under the gun, and he did an excellent job, with people coming at him from all directions, but particularly me saying, "Look, we've got to get that quote in there," and so on. The other people: Gwyn had a lot of pressure, because he had to wait till the end to write his column—it's turned out to be very prophetic. I'm sure he was developing that during the day. And then we had McKenzie and Sears on the two front-runners, Clark and Mulroney.

How did they operate?

They stayed with their guy until the last moment and then came in and wrote a story.

Were they in touch with you back and forth?

Yes, they'd come in occasionally. I stayed in the press room the whole time. I was watching on TV. I think once or twice I wandered into the convention centre just to get an idea of the atmosphere, but I spent most of it sitting in the press room watching it on TV and assigning. And trying to co-ordinate, to make sure two people weren't doing the same thing. So those four guys were under the most pressure: Gwyn, Sears, McKenzie and Hepburn. They're the ones who had to write the main story, the two front-runners, the winner and the loser, and the column. All had to be done at the last moment. The rest of the copy was all in and edited by then.

We did all the editing, by the way, down at One Yonge Street. We didn't try to edit in the Civic Centre. So it was all done down at this end. It's not easy to edit on the machines, the VDTs we have in Ottawa. They're old. We don't want to use them any more if we can avoid it. Right now in Ottawa, we have IBM PCs. We switched to new machines. They'll be much better for us at this coming convention.

So the reporters were inputting their stuff into the VDTs there, you were checking it . . .

I'd have a quick read of it. Sometimes over their shoulders, sometimes after they'd finished, depending on how much other work I had to do. And then we'd ship it right down to Toronto, and they'd edit it down here. We had two or three phone modems, so we were sometimes sending a couple of stories at once.

At this point you're saying: "I've got four pages inside, and I know I need a main story and a picture, I need a winner, loser . . ."

Yes, and I need a separate story on each of the other losers, because they're often the best stories. As I recall, the story I liked the best in the whole paper was the one on John Gamble. It was filled with so much bitterness. He said, as I recall, that he hoped it went to five ballots, because he wanted to see Joe Clark twist in the wind. Now with all that stuff we got in earlier that had been edited and set in type down here, the problem was those top four stories.

You knew that Hepburn was going to write the main story, and you knew that one of the other two guys was going to write the winner *and the other one the loser, just didn't know which.*

Right, and then Gwyn had a column. And the thing that really made that paper—beyond the spot news coverage that day—was McKenzie's profile of Mulroney. It was ten thousand words. It was magnificent, it's silver. Here's the book on Mulroney. McKenzie's profile that ran the next day in the *Star* is better than that book. This is terrible. I'm going to do a review on it. It's just not very good at all. [*Ed. note:* McKenzie's profile of Mulroney, which ran in the *Star*'s Perspective section, was not part of the winning Spot News entry.]

We had the profile set in type and ready to go, and we had an alternative Perspective section ready to go if Clark had won. We had a much shorter profile on Clark, because it's a different sort of thing. With Mulroney, you've got a new man on the scene. We figured our readers would want to read everything they could about this guy, so we gave him ten thousand words. Which is highly unusual for any paper . . .

Now, how long did you have McKenzie working on that?

He worked on that for a month prior to the convention. If Mulroney had lost, we would have thrown it out. It would have been a wasted month. But we figured it was worth the gamble. On Clark, we had about two thousand words written by Val Sears ready to run, and we ended up throwing that out. We had to have these two alternative Perspective sections set up for the Sunday paper, and as soon as we had the final vote in we pushed the button for the right one.

Now during the campaign leading up to the campaign, did Val stay with Clark and McKenzie with Mulroney?

That's right, but we didn't dog them every day. We picked them up early in the campaign, again in the middle, and again at the end. Those two. But there were long stretches there where we were not with them. As is the case with the Liberal campaign, with the exception of John Turner. We figured Turner's so far in front, that I think there's only been one or two days where we haven't staffed Turner. We figure, here's the next Prime Minister, and what he says is important, so we want to be with him.

But each of the reporters going into the convention was an expert on a particular candidate. A Crosbie man and a Crombie man and a Gamble man?

Even that far down, yes. Even a Neil Fraser man.

And you had Roy MacGregor out in the camper in the back.

Yes, he was doing people stuff.

That was kind of interesting. They came across as so raw and rough, those characters from the Cariboo with the rye and ginger. The contrast really struck me. From this sophisticated stuff on the front to these hard-boiled wimp-bashers . . .

Well, he's got a good eye for that sort of color, and I'll probably use him again at this coming convention in the same way, although I don't think it will be nearly as exciting a convention. I must tell you though, I think, besides those four guys I mentioned to you being under enormous pressure, a lot of credit, if not the bulk of the credit, has to go to some people at this end.

My next question. I want to know who actually handled it at the Toronto end.

What we did—we had an expanded national desk for obvious reasons, and we split the slot position, which was at that time normally handled by one person, into two. One person was reading the incoming copy, suggesting changes to it and assigning it to a copy editor. The other person was taking the edited version and giving it a final read and shipping it off to the news desk. The two slot people were Wayne Braun and David Toole, and they deserve a lot of credit. And then on the news desk, Clancy himself was doing the front page. He was Sunday editor at the time, he's now city editor, and he did a super job. And Dave Ellis was doing most of the inside pages, and he did a super job, because it was laid out well, he had good art and they got all the copy in. They did everything we could ask: They displayed the stuff well and got it all in. Usually reporters at the other end have a complaint about one or the other, either a lousy display, or you cut half the copy, or you threw out the best story. In this case everything was displayed well, and everything got in.

There was nothing that looked badly edited to me.

No. I think some of it was done pretty quickly at the end there, but I think it was all, it all hung together.

How big is that main page-one headline? Is that two-inch? I haven't seen anything like that since the Tely *folded.*

I don't know, I'd have to ask Clancy that. We don't use it very often. I think Timson claims to have written it.

Managing editors always claim the good stuff.

Timson wrote the "Joe Who" headline that was so famous after Clark won in '76. We had a red line in those days, and the red line had "Joe Who" in it. I can't exactly remember what the rest of it was. Something like "Joe Who Sweeps the Convention." And it was a profile of Clark.

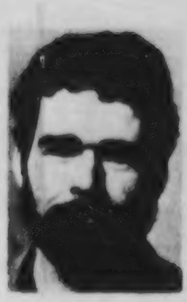
I think it would be fair to say that that convention really caught this paper unawares. Nobody had counted on Clark winning, so there was not a ten-thousand-word profile ready to be run the next day as we had with Mulroney. There was a real scramble, in fact, to put together a profile that very day. They had nothing in the can on the guy. This one—I think we were better prepared, for two reasons. We'd had some experience, some of us. I'd covered that one for *Maclean's*. I also covered the Bill Davis one. And we guessed right. Maybe it was easier to guess this time. We made the right guesses on things like Mulroney. We weren't caught out on anything. Nothing really surprised us.

Is there anything else you think should be said about this example of team journalism?

Yes. I'm really happy we won the award for it. Because I think too often awards in journalism, not just the National Newspaper Awards, but also the Pulitzer and all that, go to the big scoop, and I think in fact that scoops are just a small part of the role a newspaper can play. A far more important role is explaining complicated issues or events to the public, and very often that just doesn't get the recognition it deserves. I think we did a great job explaining a complicated event—a leadership convention in that last, frantic day—to the public, and who the winners and losers were, and what they had to say. And I'm really glad that it got some recognition. Maybe in the future we can look for more recognition for these sorts of things rather than just scoops, which, as I say, are just a small part of what newspapers are all about. Too often we get carried away, I think, and put too much emphasis on the scoop. Even when a scoop is only getting a public report, a report that's going to be made public two days later, anyway. Getting it two days in advance. That sort of journalism I'm a little tired of. I find it more challenging to take something complicated and say: Here's what it means.

Spot News Photography

Chris Mikula, Ottawa Citizen



Chris Mikula, 28, was born in Calgary and, as part of an army family, grew up "everywhere." For the past 10 years he has lived in Ottawa. After graduating from the Algonquin College photo technology course, he freelanced for three years, primarily for the *Citizen*, before being hired full-time by the paper in 1982. The editor who nominated him for a National Newspaper Award says that Mikula went to the pre-budget photo session "determined to get something more than a picture of the minister holding his budget." What he got, in the words of the NNA judges, was a shot that "captured the precipitous moment in what was to become a major national story, the Lalonde Budget Leak." The picture illustrated how a TV cameraman was able to give Canadians a sneak preview of the budget—and became part of the political storm that resulted.

Critical Writing

John Bentley Mays, Globe and Mail

John Bentley Mays was born in rural Louisiana. He came to Canada in 1969 to teach at York University in Toronto, and, four years later, while employed as a "low-level bureaucrat" (student services officer), he made a New Year's resolution to become a writer. During the next six years, while keeping his university job, he wrote fiction for literary magazines, published one novel, started another and freelanced articles on Canadian literature and art for *Maclean's* and the CBC. During this period he attempted to escape bureaucracy by applying for "maybe twenty-five jobs" but failed to get any of them, a fact that he attributes to being unemployable. He says: "I have never gotten a job that I have applied for in my life. I walk in for an interview, and people take one look at me and don't want me. And this is the story of my life. . . . So I figured about the only thing I could do was self-employ."

He quit York on December 31, 1979, intending to become a full-time freelancer. As it turned out, the *Globe*'s art critic resigned on the same day, Mays was offered his job and he's been there ever since. Commenting on his selection for the award, the judges said Mays "brings to a diffuse, mercurial area of the arts an informed assurance and a direct and authoritative expression."

It's a Really Big Show But . . .

The Search For Alexander, the exhibition of Macedonian and Hellenistic artworks and artifacts on public view from today through July 10 in the Royal Ontario Museum's new exhibition hall, invokes the name of a man whose power to compel and intrigue remains undiminished despite the passage of more than two millenia.

A beautiful boy who ascended the troubled Macedonian throne in 336 B.C. after the murder of his father and, only 10 years later, had made himself ruler of the world from the dry mountains of Greece to the cataracts of the Nile and the foothills of the Himalayas . . . a prince in a rough, opulent, northern court who was not content with his backwater fiefdom, but surged eastward and south to forge a vast unified empire from innumerable peoples, cults and cultures—such is the stuff of the Alexandrian mystique, and the true background of the fabulous epics and legends created for centuries after his death to honor him.

But the visitor will do well to keep such wonderful matters out of his head while strolling among the artifacts of stone, terra cotta and precious metals displayed in this pompously titled, inept show. Organized by J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and the Greek archeologist Nicholas Yalouris, the exhibition is, in the final analysis and despite its unfortunate blockbuster title [illegible] really about Alexander at all. It is only momentarily about the search for Alexander, the man and myth—and even then it does not deal with contemporary research on the unknown location of the hero's mausoleum in the Egyptian city of Alexandria.

In fact, if one starts at the beginning of this narrative show and tries to follow the story-line, it's not easy to decide whether *The Search For Alexander* is about anything at all.

The first section, for example, proposes to suggest the lush, enormously complicated topic of Alexander's cultural heritage. It does so by presenting a splendid Buddhist relief sculpture (from the ROM's own holdings) which shows Hellenistic influence, a charming wooden Greek saddle bow carved about 60 years ago, a newspaper lithograph by Daumier, paintings on Alexandrian topics by minor Italian artists, and so on. Apart from the ROM sculpture, the things in this rag-bag tell us very little, nor should its stuffers have tried to tell us anything at all; the subject is probably too vast to describe justly in a whole show, let alone in an introductory dollop of art and craft objects.

Similarly, the sections on Alexander, his family and successors are too little about too much. If the viewer goes in expecting architectural and artistic treasures gloriously reflecting the ancient mystique or the current hype, he will come out disappointed by the scatter of maps, coins, little statuettes, and largely indifferent portrait busts. (The mass-produced, "official" busts of the conquerer remind us, however, of the way Alexander himself, and later ages, enjoyed thinking of the man behind the myth: a smooth and muscular youth with loose hair wind-swept back from his handsome, dreamily sensuous face.)

Only after going through room after room of often ordinary, occasionally interesting, sometimes spectacularly gaudy Macedonian ornaments, statues, cookware and such does one find the real reason for this show's existence, which has little to do with ancient conquests and a great deal to do with the ambitions of modern Greek archeology. And it's the last section of all.

A gathering of grave-goods uncovered in 1977 from the ancient tombs of Macedonian aristocrats at Vergina, this section is a coherent, engaging show in its own right. It offers a glimpse of the barbarous, showy court life of Macedon immediately before Alexander's time, and an explanation for the preceding arrays of upper-class trinkets and utensils. Taken together, these latter sections of *The Search For Alexander* present an opportunity to see what sorts of things and styles were treasured by the northern nouveaux riches who, before Alexander's birth, had gained political ascendency over the brilliant southern culture which had nourished Socrates, Aeschylus, Phidias and Praxiteles.

Like parvenus in every period of history, the Macedonians appropriated the style of the social class they envied, and made it ritzy. The dramatic Greek image of the winged goddess Nike was demoted by the goldsmiths of Macedon to a wretched insectile creature out of Walt Disney, flitting at the end of an earring. Insistent miniaturization in precious metals, however, was only one tactic of the Macedonian craftsmen. They could also overdo and trivialize things at the same time: the big gold ceremonial wreath from the Vergina tomb, which concludes and climaxes this show, is a headdress Hedda Hopper would admire; and the huge, elaborately decorated bronze funereal urn from Derverni may be (as the catalogue notes tell us) "a masterpiece of ancient Greek metallurgy," but it is also one of the most exuberantly, happily crass items of kitsch I have ever seen.

In addition to being important essays on northern taste around the time of Alexander, these latter sections are also reports on recent detective work by Greek archeologists in their ravaged land. The story of the 1977 Vergina excavations is told in the catalogue by Dr. Manolis Andronikos, the project head. And a good story it is, with nary a breathless moment of anticipation, a tricky manoeuvre with the spade, or a gasp of wonder left out. The dream of every archeologist, of course, is to find a Troy or to stumble on a clone of King Tutankhamen's tomb. If Dr. Andronikos didn't discover anything that spectacular, he did come up with a remarkable prize: an ancient tomb inside the great tumulus at Vergina (traditional burial place of the Macedonian monarchs) which had not been discovered by those less high-minded researchers known as grave robbers.

This unspoiled tomb, which yielded the treasures displayed in the final and most important part of this show, may not be that of Philip II, Alexander's father. But if Dr. Andronikos' controversial arguments for this identification hold good—as I believe they will—we have here the gold funereal chest, gold wreath of final victory and humbler objects with which courtiers graced the hastily prepared burial place of the murdered king of Macedon. We are standing, in fact, in the last resting place of the last noteworthy king of this northern principality which produced little that was original, except for the practice of pictorial mosaic and some forms of decorative wall-painting, and one immensely romantic, energetic man whose exploits transformed the world forever.

This show provides a good example of Macedonian pebble-mosaic, which would be later taken up and perfected by the Romans; it gives very little we didn't know already about Alexander. But that is the case simply because the important little show of Macedonian artifacts discovered by Dr. Andronikos at Vergina, not Alexander, has always been what this big exhibition has been about. The material is fine, and very interesting; we should have a chance to be among the first generation of mortals in 2,400 years to see such interesting things. But the real little show about Vergina and vicinity has been floated over from Greece inside a big, gassy pseudo-show held aloft by the Alexander mystique. The visitor may feel that he's been misled, and he has reason to feel just that.

To their credit, a number of the North American museums have been adding ballast from their own collections to the show as it's travelled; including the ROM's own contributions, about 68 objects have been brought into the exhibition since it opened at Washington's National Gallery of Art in 1980. But all this tinkering hasn't made the show look substantially better. It still is not really about Alexander.

But this temporary exhibition does turn out to be a sign of chronic issues facing the museum community and the gallery-going public. Exhibiting institutions like the ROM, which have decided (or been forced by economic or political circumstances) to adopt a more aggressively popular approach to programming are faced with the problem of trying to sell respectable, scholarly museum shows to an entertainment-hungry public. A fairly steady diet of important-sounding exhibitions is called for and, given this fact of life, the ROM's economical new exhibition hall, with its flimsy temporary walls and the exposed, very ugly tangle of wires, ducts and such overhead, is perhaps inevitable. We cannot expect the ROM to do an entirely new, solid environmental installation for each touring show that comes through.

But we can hope that the public, with the help of such outstanding encyclopedic museums as the ROM, will gradually re-learn the joys of the small, intense show of wonderful and instructive things—the show this one could have been had it been mounted without the bloat and Alexander hype. Such a modest show would still be well worth the current admission price. At the present time, however, the hordes of blockbuster-numbed North Americans can hardly be expected to pay good money to see a small exhibition entitled, say, Macedonian and Hellenistic Artifacts Excavated In Northern Greece.

The Search For Alexander has been made possible through the assistance of Time Inc. and the National Museums of Canada, and the co-operation of the National Bank of Greece and the Greek Ministry of Culture and Sciences.

During the exhibition, the ROM will be open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m., seven days a week. Tickets, which are available at the ROM and at Ticketron outlets, cost $5.50 for adults; $4.00 for seniors and students; $3.00 for children 12 and under.

De Kooning: The Plus and Minus Sides

NEW YORK—The Willem de Kooning retrospective which opened this week at the Whitney Museum of American Art, is a survey of work done during the last 60 years by one of America's most influential expressionist painters. Organized jointly by the Whitney, Berlin's Akademie der Künste and the Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, Paris, the exhibit includes some of de Kooning's famous paintings of toothy, fearsome women, a large array of later paintings and drawings from all periods and a selection of sculptures.

The show is accompanied by a large book of plates, photographs, lists and essays, and, apart from some regrettable omissions, is in most other ways a respectable presentation.

But this gathering is also something that isn't so respectable: a sentimental journey back into the post-war New York where de Kooning, a Dutch immigrant, worked marvellously on both abstract and representational paintings, influencing everyone and laying the groundwork for the international Abstract Expressionist surge of the 1950s.

If the adoring accounts which have been written about it are to be believed, this radiant, mythic era was a time of genius, of restless, brilliant conversation in lofts and bars, and of an almost unimaginably exuberant creative force. Before it evaporated, it had passed from news through art history into American mythology.

Time and *Life* and the art magazines carried the gospel of New York abstract painting to Canada, Europe and the ends of the earth, and made the United States, for the first time, the centre of art-world attention and the world's main source of artistic style. By the end of the 1950s, there probably wasn't an ambitious young artist between Kiev and California who had not tried the grand, painterly gestures of Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Hans Hofmann and Willem de Kooning. And there probably wasn't a literate person anywhere who hadn't at least heard of all the macho dripping, slinging, shoving and sluicing of paint then going on, full-tilt, in New York.

Since the end of the 1950s, Ab Ex has been questioned, renounced, superseded, recycled and, most recently, given a fresh lease on life in the work of the so-called New Expressionists. But nothing has diminished the power or appeal of the myth of New York, or the stature of the abstractionist heroes, including Willem de Kooning, who at 79 is the last important member of that fabulous company still alive.

Nothing, that, is, before this exhibition. Few open-minded viewers, I suspect, will come out of it with unshaken faith in the old abstractionist pieties, or with the same awe of de Kooning himself. He emerges as an important figure, but not as great as we thought; a thoughtful painter for a season, early on, but not thoughtful thereafter. And by thereafter, I mean the last 20 years or so.

We are able to make these judgments about de Kooning's art because this show, like most retrospectives nowadays, is too big by half. More judicious curators would have left out all but a few of the pictures in the brash, chaotic body of work which the artist has been piling up since about 1963. These bright paintings, based loosely on the female nude, reveal nothing about de Kooning except the decay of his powers and his inability to spin out fresh ideas and strategies from his earlier, genuinely extraordinary work.

As we learn here, the work which can still inspire awe was done between 1947 and 1953.

It was during those six years or so that de Kooning suddenly wrested himself out of his ornamental, abstract and figurative picture-making. The powerful works he then made are of two general, mutually resonant sorts. The less famous, but more influential and interesting, are the urgent, vividly free abstractions such as *Attic* (1949), *ZOT* (1949) and the large masterwork entitled *Excavation* (1950). In these pictures, de Kooning draws his long, flying lines across the picture plane, painting with a forceful, linear liberty that takes analytical abstraction beyond anything the old Cubists would have recognized.

Paintings of the other kind, now collectively called *The Women*, characteristically present a female nude materializing out of a crackling crossfire of lines and ricocheting color. She's nobody you could love. As huge and sexy as the girl on the Times Square billboards that de Kooning admired, armed with a smile like a steel picket fence, with dancing limbs slashing the thick air like scythes, the artist's visionary woman is a symbol of sexual anxiety as important as any in modern art—not historically monumental like Picasso's most threatening nudes, and not as convincing, but hallucinatory and lethal, and as daunting as a tattooed lady mud-wrestler. Because they appeared after the abstractions, and during the height of Abstract

Expressionist influence in America and abroad, these representational paintings were an embarrassment to de Kooning's avant-garde fans. As we discover in Jorn Merkert's essay in the retrospective's catalogue, the fact that de Kooning turned back to representation about 1950 still seems to call for some heavy explaining.

As well it might. Like Malevich after his black squares, and Picasso after his Cubist masterpieces, de Kooning after the radical accomplishment of *Excavation* seems not to have known what to do next. His way out of the intellectual dilemma was the same chosen by Malevich and Picasso: to hell with the system, and back to the human figure. We can appreciate de Kooning's determination to keep on painting, and the enormous strain involved in bucking the abstractionist current, when his strategy had apparently brought him to a dead end. But the operative word here is *apparently*. There were other ways beyond the dilemmas of Abstract Expressionism besides shutting down the studio, as Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg effectively demonstrated. De Kooning seems never to have seriously considered any option other than regression, and a synthesis of earlier ideas.

It is dismaying to find too much indifferent work in this show, and too few of de Kooning's most important paintings. The absence of *Excavation* (1950) is especially lamentable, because it is de Kooning's masterpiece in the abstract mode. Worse yet is the failure of the Whitney to obtain nearly all of the most important *Women*, including *Woman I* (1950-1952)—de Kooning's most famous image, and one of his best works in any medium—*Woman III* (1952-1953), *Woman IV* (1952-1953) and *Woman V* (1952-1953). The absence of these pictures makes the grandiose hype attending this show sound tinny. It is not the retrospective it should have been. But, to be fair, the Whitney cannot be blamed. It appears American museums are getting stingier about loaning important works to each other, even when the borrower is as prestigious as the Whitney.

On the plus side, the Whitney has done a good job by providing a comprehensive critical survey of de Kooning's drawings, installed apart from the paintings and sculpture. The survey begins with accomplished, academic drawings made 60 years ago, during the artist's student days in Holland, and concludes with a 1980 charcoal. In between are some 130 remarkable studies and sketches, including fresh ones from the fertile years between 1947 and 1953. Like many painters, de Kooning has used drawing as a way to test ideas. His work with charcoal, oil, pastel and pencil on paper has produced some of the most exciting, energetic items in this largely disappointing show.

Organized by Whitney curator Paul Cummings, the drawings of Willem de Kooning will be on view at the Whitney Museum (Madison Avenue at 75th Street) through Feb. 19. *Willem de Kooning: Painting and Sculpture*, assembled by Jorn Merkert of the Akademie der Künste, will close at the Whitney on Feb. 26. The two surveys will be shown together at the Akademie der Künste in Berlin from March 10 through April 28, and at the Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou in Paris from June 26 through Sept. 24.

The Resurrection of Fantin-Latour

An Eclectic Spirit of French Art, He Suffered the Consequences

OTTAWA—The retrospective exhibition of Ignace-Henri-Théodore Fantin-Latour (1836-1904), opening Thursday at the National Gallery of Canada, is the calling-forth of a Lazarus of French painting from the tomb where he has languished in obscurity for most of this century. In addition to being a work of resurrection, the show is an act of revision—one more episode in the international struggle against the entrenched orthodoxies and pieties of modernist art history, and for a richer, more plural view of the art immediately preceding our own time.

On both counts, the Fantin show is important. It deserves to be seen by everyone who is concerned for the present state and future of our knowledge of painting, and for all who are curious about this lost figure from the largely suppressed true history of modern art.

During his own time, however, Fantin was hardly suppressed; nor would he have required such an impressive introduction to his contemporaries as the one we are being given by the National Gallery.

He moved in the most brilliant creative circles of his day, hob-nobbing with (and often depicting) such creative personalities as Baudelaire, Renoir, Proust, Claudel, Manet, Zola and many others. Van Gogh acclaimed him "one of the most independent artists alive." His death in 1904 was mourned in obituaries published in French, English and North American newspapers and journals. And in 1906 he was accorded a panoramic retrospective at the École Nationale des Beaux-Arts in Paris.

But the fame bestowed on Fantin by the Parisian intelligentsia and esthetes of *la belle époque* was to be about as short-lived as the *époque* itself: well before the outbreak of the First World War, sophisticated twentieth-century European art and artistic taste were becoming stricter, more dogmatic and argumentative. The period's tolerant, urbane culture—summed up in the figures cut by the likes of Proust, Mahler and Robert, comte de Montesquiou-Fesenzac—was under attack from the analytical, rambunctious avant-garde; Picasso and Braque were looking to Africa for models and ideas, not the Royal Academy and least of all the Bois de Boulogne.

The harsh, chilly and domineering spirit that was leading artists such as these to tear visible reality to shreds or abandon it altogether could hardly be counted on to befriend the shade of so versatile and eclectic a painter as Henri Fantin-Latour, who uneasily but successfully embraced all the intellectual and creative contradictions of the nineteenth century in France. The new puritans of modernism were having none of that.

Yet it is precisely this rather opulent pluralism, and the good job Fantin made of each aspect of it, which makes this show the arresting experience it is. Assembled by NGC curator Douglas Druick and Michel Hoog, of the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris, and organized as a joint venture of the National Gallery of Canada, the Louvre, and the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco, this survey features more than 150 works representing every style and medium in which Fantin worked during the 50 years of his career. Spanning the years from the mid-1850s through the *fin de siècle*, it includes paintings, pastels, drawings and prints, and celebrates his work as portraitist of family and friends, as incisive narrator of floral groups and other decorative ensembles and as a benign sorcerer invoking fantasies inspired by the music of Wagner, Schumann and Berlioz.

As we learn from the work itself, Fantin succeeded wonderfully in each of these roles. *An Atelier in the Batignolles* (1870)—a glorious grouping of Manet, Renoir, Zola, Monet and other prominent men in his immediate circle—and *The Dubourg Family* (1878) are masterworks of humane portraiture, exhibiting a complex balance of visual structure and psychological intensity. And such works as the exquisite *Still-Life: Corner of a Table* (1873) is more sophisticated than some of the other potted pictures Fantin turned out in prodigious numbers to make a living; but it is certainly not the only completely honest invocation of natural beauty among his works displayed here.

Modern taste will perhaps find his homages to Delacroix and other artists of high, tempestuous romanticism the least congenial works in this show. Yet Fantin's passionate (and, given the political stresses of the times, controversial) love of Richard Wagner is radiantly expressed in such prints as *Das Rheingold: Opening Scene* (1876), and his admiration for Berlioz is beautifully communicated in the theatrical elegy entitled *The Commemoration* (1876).

Looking back from the point of view provided by twentieth-century modernism, we can see that Fantin's sin was not in being a romantic and a realist, and in being them well—after all, every artist is expected to "go through stages." His crime, for which he largely has been banished from serious discussion for almost 80 years, was doing both realistic and romantic art at the same time, and doing them with sincerity. He did not reduce and refine; he embraced—and in doing so he put himself outside that reductive Parisian "mainstream" on which modern artists and art historians have conferred immense prestige and almost exclusive authority.

To be sure, Fantin's more conspicuous French contemporaries and colleagues tended to be more personally vivid and adventurous than he. Following the lead of the burgeoning natural and social sciences in the nineteenth century, they became chemists of the imagination, mixing styles, rejecting others, and restlessly experimenting with a wide variety of interpretative modes.

The marvellously romantic dreams and exotic visions of Delacroix, for example, were stoutly rejected around mid-century by the political and artistic revolutionary Gustave Courbet, who believed that painting must revolt against the diaphanous fantasies of romanticism and address the real world as it stands, shaped for our eyes and minds by nature and history. In the work of Edouard Manet, a synthesis was attempted between the world-directed realism of Courbet and the psychologically oriented spectacles and emblems of sensibility created by Delacroix; the outcome of his work would be the scientific (or pseudo-scientific) movement known as Impressionism.

Fantin knew about all these intellectual controversies, and he admired all the partisans; but he took little interest in the fine points of esthetic squabbling. Moreover, he persisted in his own way of doing things. While the Impressionists were packing up their gear and heading out to paint the Nature and Light they worshipped, Fantin stayed in his studio, away from the modern world he disliked, painting what he could assemble (or imagine assembled) in that narrow, still space. While others were "advancing" (in the scientific sense), analyzing and laying the groundwork for the great modernist demolition of the realist tradition in art, Fantin persisted in his humane, compassionate study of whatever he was asked to paint, whether sprays of autumn flowers, the figures of intellectuals or his visions of the unseen realms of feeling and thought.

This show, with its excellent, exhaustive catalogue by Douglas Druick and Michel Hoog, is one of a number of challenges being thrown down to the old modernist line one finds declared, for example, in most standard art history texts and the rigidly orthodox layout of the nineteenth-century painting galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As Druick and Louise d'Argencourt showed us in their extraordinary 1978 NGC display of nineteenth-century romantic paintings from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Tanenbaum, and as Toronto gallery-goers have learned from the German Masters exhibit, the William Blake survey and other recent shows at the Art Gallery of Ontario, there was another nineteenth century—a richly varied, considerable, creative inventory of work which has been largely brushed aside by the promoters of modernism.

This retrospective is a reclamation of one portion of that heritage from the attic. Who knows what other treasures are still there, waiting for the revaluations which must come as modernism's grip on the contemporary artistic imagination continues to loosen?

The Fantin-Latour retrospective continues at the National Gallery of Canada until May 22. After closing in Ottawa, it will travel to the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, where it will be shown from June 18 to Sept. 6.

The exhibition opened last Nov. 9 at the Galeries Nationales du Grand Palais in Paris.

The Garage-Mechanic Esthetic of Favro

Murray Favro is an artist who has been active in London, Ont., for more than 20 years, has shown regularly since 1968 at the Carmen Lamanna Gallery in Toronto, and has been ignored by just about everyone except a few friends and the acquisitions committees of Canada's most important art museums.

Critical acclaim and appreciation, in Canada as elsewhere, have always seemed to stop short when the topic of conversation turned to Favro. It has been almost as though his work were surrounded by a strange ring of magic fire, preventing critics and the public from getting close enough to understand what is going on in the work of this alien artist (besides some high eccentricity).

On May 6, however, a new opportunity to break through will present itself; a retrospective of Favro's work during the last two decades will open at the Art Gallery of Ontario, where it will remain on view through July 3. The show will be hurried on its way by a performance of the cacophonous, random-action Nihilist Spasm Band of London, Ont.—Favro on hellish noise-generator, Greg Curnoe on mayhem-maker, John Boyle on torture-instrument, etc.

Organized by Marie Fleming, associate curator of contemporary art at the AGO, and destined for exhibition at the Montreal Museum of Fine Art, the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa, the Art Gallery of Windsor, the London Regional Art Gallery and the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, this selection of paintings, drawings, installations and constructions is bound to bring Favro a measure of publicity.

Where, after all, is the Toronto kid who could resist the enchantment of Favro's 45-per-cent scaledown of a sleek Sabre jet, done in gleaming, lovingly riveted metal? Where is the punk who wouldn't want one of his working guitars, more like shovels or submachine guns than musical instruments?

And what foe of the AGO's fabled intellectual elitism would miss his chance to raise a question in the House about Favro's *Flying Flea*, a small, real, one-person airplane beautifully handcrafted and installed in the stately Zacks Wing? The AGO may have shown some weird objects in the past (the foe may say), but this really is going too far; that *Flea* isn't art. (Favro just might agree; his reticence to call his work art is well-known.)

So things may go, during the Toronto showing and the subsequent tour, as they have in the past—Favro's loyal supporters (especially among the artists and the curators) bounding to the barricades in defence of the *Flea* and much else, detractors detracting, and kids continuing to love it all.

But it will be unfortunate if this show merely raises Favro's popular profile as an eccentric and obsessive artist—he is both—without creating a broader popular appreciation of his great value to us, as an artist and as an example of what an artist can be.

That value has been increased recently by the so-called New Painters, who have revived an old role-model of the artist which many thought had been stored away in the art-history attic. According to this romantic model—much in vogue in Toronto and New York during the Abstract-Expressionist episode—the artist is a kind of holy, heroic simpleton, inspired by sex, booze and Clement Greenberg in roughly equal proportions, freely expressing himself in the lovely, fecund stuff of paint, as his mood and muse moved him.

Murray Favro, who came of age in London, Ont., before such an idea of art was in vogue in Toronto, did paint for a while in the mid-sixties, as we learn from the pictures on display in this exhibition. But, as Michael Snow points out in his handsome, brief catalogue essay, such pop-inspired works as *Clunk* (1966) are really about "the neighboring energy of Greg Curnoe." They do not seem to belong to the central force of Favro's own imagination, and the central hope imbedded in his own model of the artistic project.

Such purely mechanical pieces as *Propeller Testing Machine*

(1967), and the brilliant *Synthetic Lake* (1973), as well as the later aircraft, windmills and other inventions, embody both the force and hope of the artist as worker—not inspired creator, not image-maker, not decorator, but worker. A carver at Chartres or a goldsmith in Florence, even Fra Angelico, would have no trouble with that designation; the peculiarly Western, romantic idea of the individualistic artist would make no more sense to them than it does to Murray Favro. The skills involved in Favro's art are tin-smithing, machine shop work and cabinet-making, carving and finishing and polishing; if these strong actions also produce wonderful images, so be it. The important thing is that they produce works—often splendid objects with all superfluities stripped away by what Michael Snow calls Favro's "small-town, no-nonsense suspicion of the needlessly fancy."

It is possible to make too much of Favro's small-town origins, and so believe that other pernicious myth about the artist, the one which envisions the ideal artist as a Toronto-hating, hot-rodding bigfoot. Whatever can be said about Favro's garage-mechanic esthetic, his large obsessions set him apart from anyone workin' 9 to 5.

His chosen images are frequently celebrations of mechanical victory over space and air; the recent windmills and aircraft are continuations of concerns which go back to the beginning of his work. Instead of merely drawing or painting these figures, however, he attempts to realize their factory-produced forms using (as much as possible) only his hands and hand-held tools. The process is laborious and time-consuming, which helps explain why there are so few pieces in this show. The results are not impressive reproductions, they are invocations of the thing itself, as a form that matter can take when it wants to be free of earth, or when it wants to attract that freedom. Perhaps the objects nearest to Favro's are those wicker aircraft sculptures made by certain New Guinean cargo cults.

In their case, the job was to attract back to earth the B-52s that the cult members believed were the vehicles of gods. In

Favro's more atheistic case, the job seems to be a strong act of devotion, issuing from a concern and caring for beautiful man-created things. We may admire windmills for their kindly use of energy, and abhor the connotations of violence clinging to the Sabre jet's clean-lined sides, but to Favro, both are evidence of the genius of man, transforming matter to accord with his desires and with the elegant laws governing time and space. His concern is not with the applications or consequences of that genius; I am not prepared to argue that it should be. His works are performances of the body and the mind, intense, small festivals of the machine, contemplations on these liberating, destroying things we have risen from pre-humanity and pre-history to create, and which in turn (for better or worse) seem to be re-creating us in their own images.

The Berlin Project Serves as Vindication

MONTREAL—*The Berlin Project*, on view at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts through Sept. 4, is probably the most demanding, remarkable Canadian museum show of the summer of 1983. It is very demanding indeed; the works by John Massey, Betty Goodwin and Max Dean gathered together here require uncommon patience, and curiosity strong enough to carry the viewer through the heavy intellectual weather kicked up by the artworks to whatever resolutions and enchantments lie on the other side.

In addition, the viewer who wishes to understand these pieces properly has to be willing to fight his way into and back out of the swirling cloud of international cultural politics, personal ambitions and conflicting perceptions in which the works of Massey, Goodwin and Dean were formed and first exhibited—that cultural tempest (still blowing, as we shall see) known as *OKanada*.

A show that throws that many problems at the viewer would hardly be worth reviewing, were not at least some of the work in it remarkable. I will attempt to explain why I believe *The Berlin Project* is an important exhibition. But first, *OKanada*.

Launched early last December at Berlin's Akademie der Künste with much flapping of bureaucratic beaver tails and much gushing of maple syrup, the *OKanada* exposition of Canadian culture was greeted by withering reviews in the German press and chilly indifference from just about everyone else in town. Fingers started pointing at once. The Canada Council, the newly culture-conscious Department of External Affairs, the ambitious Akademie der Künste, presumably villainous Berlin critics and more mysterious entities such as "Canadian over-compensation"—all these were blamed for what has come to be regarded as a fiasco, the most expensive, conspicuous international cultural debacle in the Canadian history of such ventures.

But even though the show is safely behind us, the mulling over of what went wrong goes on and on. The current issue of *Vanguard* magazine, for example, includes a wrap-up of the dreary German press comments—a useful cat-o'-nine-tails to have around, perhaps, if one wants to mortify that unruly Canadian passion for over-compensation.

And in an article commissioned by *Vanguard*, we find German critic Heins Ohff still huffing and puffing about almost everything that happened during *OKanada*, in terms which have become virtually canonical in the present controversy. His gruffest huffing is reserved for what he takes to be the show's curatorial anarchy. The decision to let experts organize each of *OKanada*'s sections (music, drama, architecture and so on) with considerable independence from each other "may sound like a good idea and unusually democratic to boot. . . . But it was impossible to get an overall picture of the Canadian cultural landscape." The curators "acted not out of a desire to enlighten and inform, but out of pure snobbery. Considering the cultural and political importance of *OKanada*, such conduct can only be described as criminally negligent."

Though Ohff does not single him out for eternal damnation, Pierre Théberge, chief curator of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, is *OKanada*'s premier example of high-handed disregard for Ohff-like hankering after the "Big Picture." Asked to provide a contemporary visual art section for the exposition, Théberge picked John Massey, Betty Goodwin and Max Dean, told them to create something new for Berlin, and that was that. No sweaty attempts to stage a Woodstock. No evangelical fervor, no elaborate strategy for capturing and bottling the contemporary Canadian *Zeitgeist* and marketing it in Germany. Just three artists, each of them a maker of installations.

Along with many people in the Canadian art world, Ohff was, and is, indignant at Théberge's decision. After disclaiming any special dislike for installation, Ohff asks: "Can we really ignore everything between Abstract Expressionism and Fluxus and settle on three installation artists? You can, as long as you are running a private gallery or curating a show according to your personal tastes. But in a cultural exchange you cannot: It is necessary to be informative and that on a sounder and more impartial basis."

A post-*OKanada* show of the Berlin pieces at the MMFA was scheduled many months before *OKanada*'s star-crossed opening in Berlin. But intervening events, including critical attacks, have turned it into more than the graceful postscript which it was perhaps originally intended to be. As it stands, *The Berlin Project* demands to be taken as a body of evidence in Théberge's public suit against bad foreign press, and art-world hostility in Canada. At another level, it insists on being seen as an aggressive defence of Théberge's own judgment.

In defence of the artworks themselves, the critics must be given some points in their favor. According to all reports and the photographic record, the environments in which the works were placed could hardly have been worse.

In photos, Betty Goodwin's *In Berlin, a Triptych: The Beginning of the Fourth Part*—a juxtaposition of painted bridge-like forms, drawings and a long corridor shrouded with painted paper—looks like a little Tinker-Toy confection set down in a sterile, white gallery the size of a 747 hangar. John Massey's film work entitled *The Hammer Strikes (A Partial Illustration)* features muffled but nevertheless audible conversations. In Berlin, however, the poor acoustics of the room in which it was shown made Massey's arresting film incomprehensible even to people used to hearing English. Germans (and Canadians) could hardly be faulted for thinking it so much mumbo jumbo. And Max Dean's complicated *Telephone Project*, a conference-call device intended to provide an electronic bridge between the two Berlins, could not be made to work properly.

There has been no attempt to make Dean's piece work in Montreal. Instead of a working machine, Théberge has presented photographs, small models of the telephone device, recorded explanations by Dean, the artist's notebooks (which make interesting reading) and other bits of documentation. It seems probable that, even had Dean's piece worked perfectly, it still would have been gimmicky and fairly dull. Your basic telephone is the sow's ear of the electronics revolution; it is doubtful that even so eccentric, contentious an artist as Max Dean could turn it into a silk purse of cultural goodwill.

At the MMFA, John Massey's marvellous film is enjoying the good acoustics it deserves. This three-screen work begins when Massey stops to pick up a hitchhiking forklift operator on a southern Ontario road, presents their conversation (about Black Alleycat Skidoos, being an artist, and so on) and concludes when the hitchhiker gets out.

Prosaic? Yes, in the same way a June day in the life of ordinary Dublin people is prosaic. Massey is not Joyce, but watching this film, the viewer finds himself falling headlong through its relentlessly ordinary surface into something like Ulysses' archetypal voyage, with thoroughly modern struggles for a language and for words displacing battles against the more colorful monsters of ancient legend.

In the more intimate surroundings of the MMFA, Betty Goodwin's piece also gains in strength, and assumes authority largely absent, it would appear, in Berlin. Mrs. Goodwin has made changes since Germany, creating a fine, large new drawing of a human figure, and rearranging the architectural components of the work (the solemn, paper-draped corridor, the tables and bridges and the funny box-like curiosity) so that the overall composition is more condensed. The result is an exceptionally handsome poem of textures and absences, weights and flights, flat tin planes and gorgeously painted skins of paper, combining into an anthology of ceremonial passageways for the eye.

The three works are formally dissimilar, and their intrinsic interest varies greatly. But viewed together, they merge into an allegorical triptych on the nature and problems of Canadian culture, and the difficulties of being an artist in this culture.

Had they been so disposed, for example, the German critics could have seen in all three works an obsessive concern with communications—roads, specialized languages, passageways, telephones, Freudian slips, remote anonymity, misunderstanding—as a context, not merely a tool. They might have been interested in the ways each artist has internalized the fact of mass communications and media, upon which the very existence of Canada is predicated and by which its integrity is continually threatened.

They might have stopped looking for noble savages, landscape artists, and German favorites such as Alex Colville and Mark Prent, and considered instead the volumes of lessons this trio of installation-makers is delivering about the peculiar rootlessness of Canadian artistic culture. With no Hitlers or Roosevelts to speak of, deprived of romance with imperial pasts, given instead a present remarkably free of historical anguish, Canadian installation artists tend to make a swimming, drifting art, unanchored by heavy art-historical references, and evasive when it comes to wrapping things up. Why didn't anyone see the references to incompleteness in the titles of both Mrs. Goodwin and Massey's works, and start putting two and two together? Max Dean's work didn't just fail. It failed for a peculiarly Canadian reason, and in a peculiarly Canadian way. Can it be that the Canadian iconic answer to Georg Baselitz' upside-down figures is Max Dean, standing rightside up with a dead telephone in his hand?

These three pieces, failed and successful ones alike, are as rich, provocative and fertile a gathering of Canadian art as the Germans are ever likely to get. Pierre Théberge was right.

Interview with John Bentley Mays

How many pieces do you write a week for the Globe?

I have two definite assignments. I have to fill up a page on Saturday. Also to do a long piece for Thursday. And the Thursday piece is a series of short reviews. Now, other things happen. I mean, news stories happen, censorship stories happen. Maybe I'll review something else some other time in the week. But I try to keep up a balance between news features and reviews because I think that one tends to turn into a reviewing machine if you review too much. You just go on automatic. And I want to keep a kind of freshness, and I think you do that by doing news stories. And there is enough art news around, with censorship and with everything else to keep me busy. I have over four years now at the *Globe*. I'm more interested in art than I ever was, I think.

Moving to the specific stories. The Alexander essay seemed to me a beautiful essay, obviously, and it's also a total destruct of Macedonian middle-class taste in the fourth century B.C. Now, you obviously feel very strongly about that. How come?

Well, I think it's kind of great. I mean, I go to McDonald's, and I like that too. I mean, it's not intended to be an elitist view. It's just like what they do is kitsch, and it's kind of exuberant. What they would do is, the Macedonians would take ideas from the Greeks and kind of miniaturize them. For example, they would take a magnificent topic of statuary in Greece—the chariot races—and they would turn it into earrings. The way in which kitsch works everywhere is to miniaturize and to trivialize a serious emotional or political or whatever topic. And to turn it into jewellery. That's what I thought was funny about it, when the Macedonians did that. It's kind of real gaudy and real silly looking and very opulent. The Greeks had no gold. The Greeks had very little jewellery of any kind. And the Macedonians had access to all this gold, and so they created all this jewellery. It was a pretty vulgar civilization. That's all they had. They didn't have anything else. Which is why I thought it was funny.

Now, when you are explaining that kind of thing, which you do often in your pieces, you're basically doing an educational job.

I feel that way. I think that if curators and museum people were doing their jobs and explaining the works properly, I wouldn't have to. But you kind of have to. You can't ever believe what they say. The Royal Ontario Museum had taken the Alexander show knowing it was a turkey. It was a turkey from the time that it opened in Washington. Everybody knew it was a turkey. So there we had it. But they were presenting it as though it was somehow serious. And an important show. So it involves educating the public as to what they are to expect and not. I have a great deal of respect for the museum- and gallery-going public, and I think that people deserve not only to be not talked down to and their interests trivialized, but I think also they really need to be warned. And I feel that part of my job is kind of a warning function. To warn the people and to try to put things in perspective that way.

Also in this piece you're criticizing a whole trend of popular programming in museums.

I'm very critical of the post-Tut phenomenon in museums. The fact that the public has gotten the idea in their heads that museums are there to provide them with shows that are just these amazing shows of opulence and wealth and glory and gold and all that. And it seems that that's what they tried, with Alexander, to do. The real core of that show was wonderful. The excavations of what may be the tomb of Philip of Macedon. But that was a little tiny show. I mean, it could have travelled independently and been wonderful. But who would have come to see it? Because people have gotten used to this kind of hype.

On the show within the show, it seemed to me that, like many or all critics, you're very sure of your opinions even to the extent of venturing an authoritative view on whether that tomb was Alexander's father's tomb. Are you sort of naturally oracular, or how does that come about?

Of course I'm oracular, I have straight lines from God on these matters! No, I think that, well, you've asked two kinds of things. One is that of venturing the opinion on whether this probably was the tomb of Philip of Macedon. I'm not qualified to make that judgment. That was gained from talking to archaeologists—who said to me that it is no longer very much a matter of question, it's generally accepted throughout the world. So if I'm relatively confident in who I'm talking to, and I was relatively confident there, that's fine.

I don't want to bore anybody to death, and I don't want to bore myself to death, and it seems that one of the things I have to do, and I occasionally do this with sweat pouring down my face, is come to a conclusion about something. I'll change my mind later on things, and I do change my mind. I've been through a mind-changing experience just recently. And I feel like that's the price, the emotional price, of being an art critic. You can't be afraid of taking that kind of risk. Otherwise you wind up boring everybody. You wind up boring yourself, because you are always hedging and wondering. You try to come to the best conclusions you can come to, based on what you know and what you feel and what you are and your education in this matter.

I'm doing my education in public to a large degree. I think any newspaper cultural person is. We're all doing our education in public. I don't have any academic background in these things. I never took an art history course. What I have to do is take that into account, that I always have to depend on other people's knowledge. But eventually what is really expected of me by the *Globe* and also by the public, I think, is that they want to know an opinion. They want to know why I feel that way, so that they can then go on to make their own conclusions. I think that we have to do that. We can't just be describers. It seems to me bad journalism to just be a describer.

That's interesting. You mentioned that you had just been through a mind-changing experience. What was that?

Well, I've been through a couple lately. I've found that I don't think I really understood some of the new painting activity in Toronto. I went through a period first of feeling very excited about it, then feeling very cynical about it, and now I think I've really come to some strong and clear and reliable conclusions about the new painting activity. I mean, this isn't anything of enormous interest to the public. It's of great interest and concern to me, because I have to deal with these paintings all the time, but it was because I didn't understand what they were doing. I mean, there were some painters here that just were doing work I didn't understand. Artists are always teaching me. I mean, I don't think that I'm teaching them anything. I think that they are always teaching me. And I'm a slow learner sometimes. So I have to catch up with them. Artists are always educating me about what they are doing, and it so happens that much of the work that I've been seeing has been running about six months ahead of me. And it takes me a while to catch up and to understand.

But in terms of changing one's mind, there was an artist whose work I honestly and sincerely believed that I didn't like and I thought was not well done and was not well executed and was not well thought out. And what happened was that I realized that this particular artist was in fact doing something that at that point I wasn't prepared to really deal with myself. It was sort of touching on issues that I wasn't prepared to deal with. It's like waking up in the middle of the night and saying, "Why am I an art critic?" I mean, I do that all the time. Rarely a week goes by but I really just don't go through the process of saying to myself, "How dare I do this?" But, you know, I do it because I believe in what I'm doing, obviously.

But I'm not God. And even if I had an art history degree I still wouldn't be God. As a matter of fact, I would probably be the devil, since I think art historians are the enemies of art, and most of them are perverting the real art process in some pretty serious ways. So because I believe that, I think we art critics or dance, theatre or music or whatever critics have some kind of a responsibility to keep our eyes real open all the time and not depend on academic categories or preset ideas. And that's hard, because you're always taking risks, and you're always making mistakes all the time. You're bungling all the time—and the story of my professional life is muddling through. I think it's nice that they gave me a National Newspaper Award, because I feel like that's about the best I can do—muddle through.

I've got several things I'd like to follow up. First, do the artists educate you solely through their work—or do you talk to artists?

Well, I talk to artists some. But artists think with their hands. They talk with their hands. Recently, in New York particularly, it's got quite fashionable for artists to become intellectuals as well. And they're always bad intellectuals. They always learn just enough lingo to get them through the next three sentences. So I never find that very satisfactory. There are very bright artists who often are not very articulate, but their brightness and brilliance comes through in the work. And when I say artists are teaching me, I mean that artists' work is teaching me. The experience of it.

You believe in what you are doing. Do you mean in terms of its value to readers of the Globe?

Interpretation to the readers of the *Globe and Mail* is important for me, and this is a considerable audience. Our readers are considerable people, as far as I'm concerned. They are not only considerable in my eyes, but they are also considerable in terms of who they are and what they do and the way they are in the life of the country. And they, as far as I'm concerned, deserve to have informed opinions and good description and good interpretation of the very exciting visual culture of this country—which I think many of them don't know very much about.

Apparently demographics at the *Globe* show that a very small number of our people go to art galleries, but many people are interested in art, because they know about it and they have heard about it and it's a part of their lives in some way or another, even if they may not be gallery, art-world people. I think I'm trying to speak to an audience of people who are aficionados—or just simply laypeople who love to go to museums on Sunday afternoon. As well as people who are more specialized, have more special interests, like students and the artists and other critics and so on. That's, I guess, part of my responsibility—to deal with that kind of heterogeneous audience.

One other thing, I think, is trying to contribute to the intelligent life of this city. I think civilization and culture is a very fragile thing, and intellectual culture is a fragile thing. Criticism is a baby profession in Canada. Art criticism is. I'm one of only two or three art critics in the country who are full-time with newspapers. I wouldn't want to write for art magazines all the time. I wouldn't want to sort of plunge into the art world in some basic way. I'm much more interested in dealing with the general public. Because I think that that's where one can make a contribution to the intelligent life of the city and the country. I like that. That's where I think my responsibilities lie.

It sometimes occurs to me that satiety is a problem with a critic. You know, sort of Christ-allmighty-caviar-again because you see a million shows, and I may go to a gallery once a year. You have to express your own convictions and tastes. At the same time you are trying to relate them to me, and however intelligent I may be, I'm not as experienced as you are.

My non-*Globe* writing is important for me, because it keeps me alive for my *Globe* writing. I can't expect the reader of the *Globe and Mail* to have the accumulated experience I do. I see more art than probably anybody in the country. Just in terms of moving around and seeing stuff.

But in terms of satiation, saturation, I guess that I don't ever feel that. I go through periods of being pissed off. Periods of feeling like I don't like the art world. You know, when a bunch of dealers get together and try to get me fired. Or when I walk into a gallery and someone bawls me out for giving an artist a bad review. Or when somebody, this happened recently, slams the door and calls me a scuzzbag and tells me to get out of the gallery. Or when I realized that I had no interest in being a partisan, but people wanted partisans; they want people to be spokesmen for their special interest. Well, that's the kind of thing that drives art critics crazy. Literally crazy. And makes them have nervous breakdowns and ulcers. And I just keep going. Because art to me is so much more interesting than that kind of bullshit that it enables me to keep going. This sounds very naive to you.

No.

But you know, I'm really fascinated by art. I really am. It just absolutely amazes me, the endless variety of artistic culture from all periods and even in the contemporary world, the endless variety of human realities that are involved in art, and I don't think that one ever exhausts those, so that's the part that interests me. Now, the rest of my writing, my non-*Globe* writing, as I said, is where I am able to do prolonged, intensive thinking about various things. And I'm working on a few things now. I just finished writing a long piece for *See* magazine, which is a new art magazine here in Toronto, in which I tried to make relationships between a celebrated murder case and some changes in contemporary visual art. And this to me was just wonderful. It really helped me to understand my job at the *Globe* better.

What was the murder case?

The Emanuel Jaques murder. [Emanuel Jaques, a twelve-year-old Yonge Street shoeshine boy, was the victim of a widely publicized murder.] And what I tried to do was to make some connections between the way in which that murder was used in a rather large, cultural change that happened in the city. Sort of sexual, social . . .

You mean the anti-homosexual movement?

Well, anti-homosexual, anti-Yonge Street, anti-filth, anti-, you know, pro-censorship, I mean, it was really used for a lot of things which I think suddenly changed the visual culture of the city, and it was a theory I'd had for a long time—that you can't do art history without talking about murders. Because I am really not an art historian, I decided to write it in the form of fiction, so it's set in the form of fiction relating to a specific exhibition. I'm pretty pleased about that piece.

That kind of thing, what I'm able to do with, say, ten years of Toronto culture at once instead of one show that happens on one day, I think that that gives me a kind of breath to come back to my work at the paper. So in all logic it all works together.

Referring back just for a second to the question of dealers, sometimes I think that in your particular kind of artistic endeavor, there's a really uncomfortably close association between art criticism and the commodity value. Does that concern you?

Well no, it doesn't. I just don't even think about it. I ignore it. I know it's there, but I don't understand how it works. I don't collect art myself and I don't buy it, so consequently I don't really think much about price. I never even look at prices. I will sometimes wonder how much something is. Sometimes I'll do a price story. Then all of a sudden I'll have to realize about prices, because I have never collected art and don't ever intend to collect art. Just because I'm not interested. I just don't want it.

Do you understand collectors?

I don't know. I suppose. I'm told that the desire to acquire art is a universal practice, but it isn't, because I don't do it. I think I understand why people collect art. I think maybe they collect art because they want to be surrounded by works that are beautiful. Some people collect for status purposes. Because Mrs. So-and-so has one, we have to have one. I think the reasons why people collect art are very complicated. The reasons why I don't collect art are not very complicated. I'm just not interested in spending money that way.

You write off de Kooning's powers as having decayed for the last twenty years. It seems to me always that that kind of a statement is dogmatic and harsh. Is it necessary?

Yes, I think that we can't let museums get away with that. I think that the Whitney show was ill judged, and I think that it does no good to anybody to pretend as though a man . . . I mean, his powers have decayed. You go into that final gallery of the show for the last twenty years, and he's just repeating himself over and over again. He has nothing new to say. And I think that, yes, it's harsh. But somebody's got to point out that some lies are being told.

Not by the artist.

No, not by the artist, by the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Is it possible you're expressing a conviction a lot of critics have, for instance in describing his "regression" to the figure, that if he doesn't progress, or he doesn't do something new, if he does the same thing again, that's bad? It seems to me that's the same kind of strait-jacket that news editors sometimes impose: If it ain't new it ain't news.

If it ain't new it ain't news? Well, I think that's probably true. I just look at my own life. I feel that if I'm not learning stuff and changing, that is, not changing for the sake of change but critically engaging my life in some new way, as the years go on, then I'm gonna be dead. I'm forty-three, and I believed this when I was thirty-three, and I'm a writer today because of going through that problem—of re-examining my life and trying to figure it out, and I don't think that that's an abnormal process.

In terms of visual art, when you find that that spirit goes out of the person's art, it's a distressing thing—as it did not go out of Rembrandt's art, for example. I mean, it's not necessary for it to go out. Or Picasso's art. Picasso was a hundred and fifty years old when he died and still thinking back about . . . he spent the last two years of life in the most remarkable kind of rethinking of his early career. His whole last two years is like a rethinking of everything, and that kind of liveliness is something that I think we admire in art, and it's a sign of great art. It doesn't always have to be new, but somehow a thoughtful rethinking has to be going on there.

So if A.Y. is under a tree painting away at something that isn't very good, what is he doing? Should the stuff be destroyed?

Oh, it shouldn't be destroyed. No art should be destroyed. I think it should be kept as an example of many things.

Everybody writes with their ear, but you write with your eye as well, and I think you do it brilliantly. For instance: ". . . a female nude materializing out of a crackling crossfire of lines and ricocheting color. . . ." You know that passage? Do you labor over a paragraph like that?

Well no, I don't. My muse gives them to me. I don't know where they come from. I sometimes read stuff, and I don't know where it came from. Les Buhasz [the *Globe and Mail*'s assistant editor] made us all write letters about why we felt we should win a National Newspaper Award, and I said I should win, because not only is it all the other good things that it should be as criticism, but it was also done in a very short period of time. That is the way you have to work for newspapers. I had to see the de Kooning show and write about it immediately, that is, within two or three hours, and file that story.

Well, the stuff comes out beautifully.

Well, I'm getting used to it now after four years of doing it. I'm working on a new novel right now, and it's hard. The thing about writing for the *Globe* is that I appreciate the kind of disciplines that go along with public journalism. The disciplines of journalism free me from myself and my anxieties. I have to produce something. And then just try to be as honest as I can be, given all my human foibles or whatever. I can't tell people how to write art criticism like that. I've tried. I was at the Banff Centre, and they all wanted to know how to write art criticism. I think I never told them anything except, "Get the thing spelled right." Because it's so much a matter of trying to interpret this to the public . . . so I don't know where phrases like that come from. That is pretty good.

In the OKanada *piece you're almost inviting a person to become a Philistine in a way, because a lot of people don't think a dead phone is art. And this raises the problem of what this stuff is. You define it as art. I define it as a telephone.*

Well, I have this same argument about once a month with the features editor, who says, "But this stuff isn't art." And he says, "What's art?" And when I can't tell him what art is, he says, "Well, if you don't know, who knows?" And we always have this little argument about once a month. I've never known how to deal with this question.

I'm going to say something that sounds absurd, but it makes more sense after a while when you think about it. Art is what artists make. The reason why that sounds silly is because it sounds circular, but in fact it's not circular. Artists are people who stand within a certain tradition of discourse, and of training and of intelligence. There's a direct line of thought, and laying-on of hands, that goes from a young punk painter in Toronto who just got out of art school right back to Raphael and Michelangelo. A kind of tradition of intelligence and love and work. Now, the artist stands within that tradition. By deciding to become an artist he moves into that. That's how people make art. They start there.

And once they've situated themselves in that then they begin to make art, and often what they make has an uncanny resemblance to vernacular objects. But I think what makes one of [Max Dean's] telephones different from my telephone that I'm talking with you on now is my telephone is just something I use to talk to Andy MacFarlane or whoever I want to talk to. His telephones are used for the same purpose, but they also have a quality of "aboutness" about them. They are also not only instruments, but they are also about a number of issues about communications, knowledge, and particularly in this case of that dead phone piece that didn't ever work, it's about Berlin and about the two halves of Berlin and about the ways in which they seem to be unconnectable politically, but can be connected electronically . . . I think that there probably isn't any such thing as "art." There probably are art objects and there's the art world, but I think the art process is the important part. It's as specialized a discourse as chemistry.

And as in chemistry the rules change from time to time.

And the rules keep changing. The rules never are the same in art. And so newspaper reporters like me have to go running behind it and try to figure out what it's about.

Feature Writing

Bill McGuire, London Free Press

Bill McGuire, 49, belongs to a respected group of people known as "veteran newsmen"—a designation that seems to describe personal and professional attributes as much as it does length of tenure. Some people spend lifetimes in journalism and never achieve it; others, like McGuire, seem to wear it quite naturally almost as soon as they begin. This doubtless has something to do, in McGuire's case, with the years he spent as a young police reporter on the old *Toronto Telegram*. This was during the Toronto evening papers' heyday, when the police beat was the competitive turf of such in-trade legends as Gwyn (Jocko) Thomas of the *Star* and the *Tely*'s "Senator" Howard Rutsey.

McGuire had arrived at the *Telegram* after reporting and wire-editing jobs at the hometown *Pembroke Observer* and a spell as a sports columnist at the *North Bay Nugget*. In the mid-sixties, curious about whether there was a world outside newspapers, he tried public relations for a while, but it probably wasn't a fair test, because he spent a good part of that period writing speeches for John Fisher, the country's Centennial spokesman—and another legendary veteran newsman.

At the end of 1967, McGuire returned to newspaper work with the *London Free Press* where he has been since, for much of the time as an assistant city editor. He recently rejoined the paper's reporting staff and shortly thereafter wrote the story that won him the feature writing award for what the judges called "a superb example of survived suffering recollected in tranquillity." The citation continued: "Because it is a perceptive treatment by a professional writer, it gives readers a valuable bonus in shared optimism. Bright, cheerful and useful. Highly evocative of an age and society." All of which, about the kid from Pembroke, might even have impressed the Senator and those other hard-nosed legends of the sixties.

Last Rites? A Waste of Time, Father. I'm Only Sixteen.

It was a hot July 6 at Centennial Park on the banks of the Ottawa River that summer of 1951. We were playing baseball for the town championship, about midget age. Had my usual game. One hit, picked off first while showing off, misjudged a routine pop behind second and kicked it into centre field. No real damage. Think we won.

Next day, I didn't go to work in my dad's store. Had a headache. Never had one before. Bummed around all afternoon. Sneaked a cigarette and didn't want it. Went to bed about 6 p.m. with a fever, feeling rotten.

Two hours later, complained of a pain in my hips. "Polio," my mother said. In comes the family doctor (remember those days?). Around 10 p.m., I am walking into the Pembroke General Hospital feeling strange. I can't bend over to untie my shoes. What the hell is going on? I just put them on 20 minutes ago. Ask my brother to take off my shoes. He tells me what to do with them, Ottawa Valley style. Thanks, Roy.

My spine is tapped. I can still feel it. Woke up seven days later in an Ottawa isolation hospital. No pain. Family circled around the bed in hospital smocks. Mother refused to wear face mask. Good on you, Mom. She had been told I was dying and that it was only a matter of hours until the creeping paralysis reached the heart.

Remember a priest administering last rites. A waste of time, father, I'm only 16. Can't move a muscle and am lying face down. Mirrors are attached to bed so visitors can be seen. Beside the bed is an iron lung, a fearsome looking machine. The only time I had ever heard of an iron lung was from a midway barker urging a crowd to "come in and see the 'luvlee' lady who eats, sleeps and lives in a tube." Had visions of kids paying a dime to watch me huffing and puffing in the cylinder. I never went into the "lung" but technicians would rev it up every day and its eerie breathing still haunts me.

The reason I was face down, and would be so for the next three months, was that my buttocks had been burned to the bone by hot water bottles stuffed around and under me on the two- to three-hour, 160-kilometre ambulance trip from Pembroke to Ottawa. The driver, I was told, demanded $100 cash from my father before I was released to the hospital. Wonder what would have happened if he hadn't paid? Would I still be in the back of the ambulance?

Part of the burn treatment was a daily shot glass of peroxide poured into the cavities. I could hear it fizz, but couldn't feel anything for the first couple of months.

For some reason, the paralysis stopped below the heart, just touching one lung. No one knows why and I'm not pressing to find out. After three weeks in isolation—no visitors except family—I was transferred to the Ottawa Civic Hospital where they had a whole wing turned into a polio ward. Nurses hated that section with a passion. It was to be my world until mid-November. It was populated by men and women, boys and girls, Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor. Some died, some didn't. Polio had no respect.

Memories of that normal, four-bed, green quadrangle—the love, the pain, the happiness, the loneliness, the shrieks of laughter in the daytime and the screams in the middle of the night—are indelibly etched. The room was later to become a disaster area, serviced only by the lowest of the student nurses or by those being punished.

Back home, the family was being ostracized. Neighbors and friends would talk to my parents only from the sidewalk. Pembroke, a town of about 12,000, was hit hard by the disease. The house was fumigated and scrubbed down. Everything washable was washed. Health officials probed and pricked for clues. Where had I been swimming, what had I been doing, what had I been eating, who was I hanging around with, what color were my eyes? An older sister with children of her own was warned not to see me. She did. I remember her wiping the sweat from my forehead. I still owe you, pal.

The guys hated me. All beaches were closed for the summer, dance halls shut down, crowds of any type were discouraged, the movie houses were empty. My buddies felt that if I was going to get it, I should have got it earlier—then the schools would have had to be closed.

My Civic roommates were Tom McCool from my home town, a student, one year behind me in my school; a Polish youngster about 12 from Barry's Bay (let's call him Dick) and Len, an adult from Renfrew. Len was only paralyzed down one side of his face. His physiotherapy was whistling. And all he knew was Blue Moon. Day-in and day-out, he whistled that damned tune.

Staff said Dick was an irrepressible imp. I say he was a rat. He was mobile, had polio in his right arm and when he wasn't cradling it with his left hand, he would be stealing my dessert. Once he caught a baby mouse in the corridor, hid it in the room until an unsuspecting nurse with a tray of medicine and juice arrived routinely at 4 p.m. Her screams of terror when he produced his pet and the crashing of the medicine tray had alarm bells ringing and orderlies running.

On another occasion, he threw a bowl of corn flakes at me, missed and hit the wall above my bed. He just never did like corn flakes. At the time, I couldn't even move my thumb to press the buzzer for a nurse. It was a day before movie actor Gene Autry was to visit the polio ward with the attending press. Staff had worked for days getting the place spic and span. On his arrival, our door was closed and a scribbled "contagious" sign pinned up. I guess Gene rode off into the Ottawa sunset but it is only a guess.

The worst, bar none, the worst thing about polio for me was the need for catheterization. A male is catheterized by inserting a tube to the bladder through the penis. The agony was relieved by the relief but you knew it was temporary.

For some reason, that part of the anatomy was not affected by the paralysis and led to many an embarrassing moment. A healthy 16-year-old penis, it is said, has no conscience.

The happiest moment of my life was the instant I wet the bed one afternoon in that long, hot summer. Everybody cheered. Even Jimmy, who had been moved into our room. It was good to hear Jimmy break his silence. I could never tell how old he was. He had been hit by polio a year earlier and his head had grown, but his body hadn't.

A lumberjack in his late 20s was admitted one Thursday, two days before he was to have been married in the village of Killaloe. I heard of him a couple of years ago. He was earning a living in a wheelchair weaving baskets. An Ottawa woman, the mother of three, was told the same day I was that she would never walk again. Her cries before she was sedated turned the wing into a horror chamber. A Pembroke man in his early 30s, father of two, had died with polio that day, before they could transfer him from his home to hospital.

My first introduction to physiotherapy occurred one morning just after breakfast when a bubbly little lady huddled over me, held a Kleenex in front of my face and told me to blow. My first reaction was that she was crazy. But I did and the tissue hardly moved. "Out of shape," I apologized. It was the beginning of a five-month daily program. A love-hate relationship. Loved her for what she was trying to do, hated her because she was doing it. Her vocabulary surely expanded as she stretched atrophying leg, arm, neck, back and torso muscles.

Part of the procedure for all polio patients at that time was known as the Sister Kenny treatment. It consisted of hot packs—pieces of insulated cloth—steamed in a pressure cooker and applied every hour in an eight-hour shift. We wore only G-strings and perspired so much that bed clothing had to be changed nearly hourly. No wonder the probationary nurses hated that wing. We were plied with salt pills, but that little rat Dick kept stealing mine. He had a jar full and wouldn't use any. He said he was saving them for a pet calf back home.

Then there was Aldean. Forget her last name but she was the first true love. She controlled my mind 24 hours a day. Nothing else was important. She didn't visit but I could understand. The distance and the fear of polio, you know. She married some guy in late August.

The doctor in charge of the polio section was taking a tour of medical students around in early August when he stopped at my bed. He pulled off the hot packs and calmly announced, "This boy will never walk again." The students nodded and jotted notes. The tour moved on and a young nurse cursed softly, perhaps because she had to replace the packs.

His statement never sunk in. Who said youth was wasted on the young? He didn't know I was working on a football scholarship at De La Salle Oakland in Toronto and that I had to be there early in September. Never made the school appointment—but I was on my feet by the first of October.

One afternoon, a classmate dropped in, armed with a bottle of scotch. He had lied about his age and joined the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He was going to Korea and we decided to have a drink. I was taking mine through a straw, his was hidden in a tea cup. No one knew—until after he left and the regular 4 p.m. check, including temperature, was taken. Again the alarm bells ringing and orderlies running. The fear of relapse gripped staff. They showed no sense of humor when it dawned on them that I was just drunk.

On Oct. 3, 1951, Bobby Thomson hit a home run for the New York Giants—the shot heard around the world—to win the third and deciding game of the National League playoff series against the Brooklyn Dodgers. Two days earlier, I had taken my first step in a waist-high walker. How come Thomson got all the press?

Released from hospital during a November snow storm. Had to wear a new pair of flight boots. Could hardly manage with light slippers. Flight boots were the "in" thing back in those days. Like the ones columnist Del Bell still wears. Let me assure you, my first trek across busy Carling Avenue to a parking lot was not exactly a sprint.

Looking back after 30-odd years, I sort of feel sorry for people without a limp. They have missed the good times of the polio experience. So where are you, Tom and Len and, yes, you too Dick? Let's get together and toast Jonas Salk, whose vaccine can make polio almost a forgotten horror.

Interview with Bill McGuire

What was your reaction when you heard you'd won the award?

Briglia [Managing Editor Jack Briglia] came up and said, "Congratulations, you won the award." I thought it was a Southwestern Ontario award, and I said: "Thanks. When's the party?" He said: "You don't understand. This was the national one." I said: "Christ! They must have found a judge with a limp!"

The judges said your story was "a superb example of survived suffering recollected in tranquillity."

The wire story came up. And Jane Foy is interviewing me for the *Free Press*, right, and she reads this, and I said, "What the hell does that mean? And she says, "I have no idea." So she interviews me and goes and writes the story, and a rewrite person came in later on, Mary Nesbitt. She's a former teacher.

She said, "Hold on," she said, she knew the quote, eh, which is referring to Wordsworth's description of the start of poetry, right?

That's the way they described the story. How would you describe it?

Without being a poetic man, that story to me was a good read. I put down something in writing that I never told my kids, for example. And I thought from a news angle, from a newsman's point of view, that it is a good story. You know, you do a story every now and then and you say, hey, that's a good one. One out of three thousand. So I liked that story. But to describe it. I really can't.

I think it's a classic portrait of a cocky, funny, gutsy, likeable, smart-ass kid, who happened to have been yourself, and I wondered, were you surprised to find yourself walking straight out of your terminal?

Not really. I'm known as a bar-room storyteller. I've often told the Gene Autry story . . . and I just told it like I could remember it. Everything in there was true except there was one line, I exaggerated—the kid saving the salt pills for his calf. That was a little literary licence.

The story has got a hell of a lot of impact. I put down the paper the day it appeared and said, "That is going to win the National Newspaper Award." When I read it in the paper. No question. For me it just touched a nerve. For one thing, just below all the wisecracks, it's got these suggestions of nightmare fears. There is the woman who was just told she isn't going to walk again—and the whole story of her life is in there in three words. And there are just sort of glimpses of your own emotions that seem to me to be so strong that you're going to cover; you're going to tell it with wisecracks. There's the line about your mother, the line about your sister.

Okay. Okay. I have all my life been against personal journalism.

Now I'm switching. I'm sticking myself in, and I'm now saying, "Hey, screw it!" The *Tely* was right, they should have had *more* columnists. I'm getting nothing but good feedback when I mention something that I did twenty years ago. Not that I'm important or interesting, but I was there. Whereas the readers weren't there. And I'm trying to bring them back to that. Now, when that woman was screaming and what not, I didn't want to get into this story and say, "Hey, I suffered!" I wanted to tell what it was like.

I want impact on my readers. I am now at a stage in my life when I want to talk to readers. I'm breaking a whole bunch of newspaper rules now, and they are letting me get away with it. Yesterday, I covered the mayor, you know. The story this morning—if you look in there, you'll see me doing things. "Said something good about the city and then Gleeson was on a roll." That's editorializing. That's being a columnist, that's things that all my life I've been taught not to do. And I'm getting good feedback if people read it. I like the stuff, you know, because it is not: "Mayor Al Gleeson said yesterday . . . "

But you say you want to talk to readers. Why do you want to talk to them about your experience with polio?

I don't care if I'm talking about my experience with polio or about what maybe happened in a murder scene. I like to sit down and I like to write it as if I'm telling them. I want to bring them in and say, "Hey, man, it's not all cut and dried, you know, on April second such and such a thing happened." I want to say, "On April second remember we had a good time; come on in with me, join me in this conversation."

I was impressed with the piece you did from the Children's Psychiatric Institute and another one on the doctor who was making a comeback as an artist after a massive stroke. These things all have something in common.

That is what I like. I like happy stories. Everything is not bad out there. I've covered murders all my life, okay? Now I'm getting guys who are survivors. They are survivors. People are survivors. Those kids out at the institute are survivors. And there are people helping them. There are people helping that doctor and his wife, the teachers at Banting [School] where he is taking art. Some gallery owner in Sarnia is giving him a showing. That's good stuff, and we should be telling people this stuff. It's not all bad out there, and I think I have, I know I have, the knack to be able to tell it. I just need a vehicle to tell people this. And I have at the *Free Press*, because they're letting me go.

The years of covering the police. You and Rutsey . . .

My great man! I cried when I read Creighton's obit on him. [Doug Creighton, now publisher of the *Toronto Sun*, was a fellow *Toronto Telegram* police reporter.] And Creighton's lead, I remember his lead: "Howard Rutsey died yesterday from 59 years of living."

I often wonder what the purpose of all that stuff was. You know we used to do a lot of it. There was always someone getting killed or vanishing.

I'm quite sure that people read that stuff. They are still reading it. I can never treat a murder lightly. That's affecting my community or my area or my neighborhood, my space. I don't like those queers walking around. A murder of importance, a newsworthy murder—I'm not talking about your husband-and-wife murder—will be the most-read article on page one.

Recently there was a trial in Sarnia. Some guy killed two little girls. We ran a lot of stuff on that, and everyone I talked to out in the street—they weren't talking about Iran and Iraq, Jewish problems or what was going on in Ottawa or Queen's Park. They were talking about this guy in Sarnia. I'm still a gut newsman. But I like to get the nice stuff now and then.

You can take the reporter out of the police beat, but . . .

That's right. One of my great stories. Remember we used to keep the police reporter in the office on a breaking story for the one edition and ship out general reporters? There was a murder. I believe in York Township. So we were writing it for the next edition, from the desk. One of the general reporters out there was Peter Worthington. I get it; we write it for the next edition. Then I go out and take over. The police reporter takes over the murder. I go out, and Peter and all these reporters are all cordoned off by the cops. And I said, "Jesus Christ, it's about time a police reporter got here," I said, "you dumb bastards." They said, "We can't get into the house, the cops . . ." I said, "Aaargh!" I walked through the line. Some cop was standing there. I said, "*Telegram*." I walked right by him, and I banged on the door. And I'm looking around, and they are all clapping. I'm at the wrong door. I couldn't even get close to the place.

Listen. Obviously the funniest passage in this story is about this unparalyzed, conscienceless, sixteen-year-old penis. It's an absolutely charming paragraph and says a lot about the souls and bodies of adolescent boys. Did you have any qualms about it, and did anybody talk to you about that paragraph?

Everybody talked to me about that paragraph after it was in. No one talked to me when they were handling the story. The guy that handled the story initially was Jim Cameron. Jim and I are buddies, but we never talk shop. And we fight most of the time. Cameron read the story and comes over and says, "Jesus Christ, the first thing in my life that I've ever liked of yours." And from there on in, I don't know if he said anything, but . . . A lot of newspaper people commented, "How did you get it in?" Guys from the *Globe* called me when it was published, saying, "Holy Smoke—how did you get that stuff in?"

Booze came up, too. You point out that you managed to get drunk while totally paralyzed. During the period that you and I were growing up in the business—mine was about ten years before *yours—it seems to me that journalism and booze were pretty well-blended. Now, that isn't really the case any more, is it?*

Most newspapermen I know have been hard drinkers at one point. But I know a lot of doctors that are hard drinkers and a lot of lawyers. Like the lawyers I know make newspaper guys look like boys.

Another thing—in the old days I think you or I or anybody would spend days on end consumed with the idea that this one story and nothing else mattered. Your family didn't matter, your health didn't, nothing mattered. And you used to think that the Worthingtons and so forth of this world who were somewhat regular in their lives, who went home at night, were queer. Now, I don't think that we were entirely wrong, and I don't think we were entirely right, but there's probably a balance in there somewhere.

I just don't know anyone in those days who had it. The reporters come out today, and I'm not knocking them, because I think they're much brighter than we were, eh, they sort of look at us and say, "Hey, clichés!" And what not. But what they don't seem to understand is that the majority of people who read our stuff are not twenty-one-year-olds. Twenty-one-year-olds don't read a paper. They don't start reading the paper until they start needing an apartment, or something. So we're writing for these people, and the kids come in—and I don't know if they're having as much fun as I had. Like to me a big story—boom! I just loved it. I still love it, right? These kids say, "Hey, geez, it's five o'clock, I've got to cut the lawn, I've got a fence to put up, and I'm doing my stairwell and a new bannister I bought." And I'm thinking, "Holy Toledo! Here's a good one. I want it. I want it!"

National Newspaper Award Winners

EDITORIAL WRITING

1949	Edgar A. Collard	*Montreal Gazette*
1950	Edgar A. Collard	*Montreal Gazette*
1951	Gérard Filion	*Le Devoir, Montreal*
1952	Bruce Hutchison	*Victoria Times*
1953	Thomas E. Nichols	*Hamilton Spectator*
1954	Charles B. Pyper	*Toronto Telegram*
1955	C. Mort Fellman	*North Bay Nugget*
1956	André Laurendeau	*Le Devoir, Montreal*
1957	Bruce Hutchison	*Victoria Times*
1958	Gérard Filion	*Le Devoir, Montreal*
1959	Edgar A. Collard	*Montreal Gazette*
1960	Gérard Filion	*Le Devoir, Montreal*
1961	Lubor Zink	*Brandon Sun*
1962	André Laurendeau	*Le Devoir, Montreal*
1963	Anthony Westell	*Globe and Mail, Toronto*
1964	Claude Ryan	*Le Devoir, Montreal*
1965	Eric Wells	*Winnipeg Tribune*
1966	Ralph Hancox	*Peterborough Examiner*
1967	William Gold	*Hamilton Spectator*
1968	Edgar A. Collard	*Montreal Gazette*
1969	Martin Dewey	*Toronto Star*
1970	Jack Wolfe	*New Westminster Columbian*
1971	Cameron M. Smith	*Globe and Mail, Toronto*
1972	Peter Worthington	*Toronto Sun*
1973	Gilles Boyer	*Le Soleil, Quebec*

1974 Pierce Fenhagen
Montreal Gazette

1975 John W. Grace
Ottawa Journal

1976 Cameron Smith
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1977 David Ablett
Vancouver Sun

1978 John Grace
Ottawa Journal

1979 Oakland Ross
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1980 George Radwanski
Toronto Star

1981 George Radwanski
Toronto Star

1982 Joan Fraser
Montreal Gazette

1983 Terry Moore
Winnipeg Free Press

CRITICAL WRITING

1972 David Billington
Montreal Gazette

1973 David Billington
Montreal Gazette

1974 John Fraser
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1975 Scott Beaven
Calgary Albertan

1976 John Fraser
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1977 William French
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1978 William French
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1979 John Hofsess
Calgary Albertan

1980 William Littler
Toronto Star

1981 Jay Scott
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1982 Peter Goddard
Toronto Star

1983 John Bentley Mays
Globe and Mail, Toronto

SPOT NEWS REPORTING

1949 Edmond Chasse
Le Canada, Montreal

1950 Ken W. MacTaggart
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1951 Gwyn Thomas
Toronto Star

1952 Don Delaplante
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1953 Judith Robinson
Toronto Telegram

1954 Gwyn Thomas
Toronto Star

1955 Richard Snell
Calgary Herald

1956 Bruce Larsen
Vancouver Province

1957 Ted Byfield
Winnipeg Free Press

1958 Canadian Press
Halifax Bureau

1959 Andrew MacFarlane
Toronto Telegram

1960 Walter McCall
Windsor Star

1961 Charles King
Southam News Service

1962 Thomas Hazlitt
Vancouver Province

1963	Bob Hill	*Edmonton Journal*
1964	Robert Reguly	*Toronto Star*
1965	Warren Gerard	*Globe and Mail, Toronto*
1966	Robert Reguly and Robert MacKenzie	*Toronto Star*
1967	Anthony Westell	*Globe and Mail, Toronto*
1968	Claire Dutrisac	*La Presse, Montreal*
1969	Gwyn Thomas	*Toronto Star*
1970	Tom Hazlitt	*Toronto Star*
1971	Ron Haggart	*Toronto Telegram*
1972	John Zaritsky	*Globe and Mail, Toronto*
1973	Frank Jones	*Toronto Star*
1974	Steve Krueger	*Canadian Press*
1975	Jack Cahill	*Toronto Star*
1976	Richard Cleroux	*Globe and Mail, Toronto*
1977	Gerald Utting	*Toronto Star*
1978	John Fraser	*Globe and Mail, Toronto*
1979	Canadian Press	*Toronto Bureau*
1980	Jean Pelletier	*La Presse, Montreal*
1981	Canadian Press	*Ottawa Bureau*
1982	Christopher Young	*Southam News*
1983		*Toronto Star/Sunday Star*

ENTERPRISE REPORTING

1972	David Crane	*Toronto Star*
1973	Henry Aubin	*Montreal Gazette*
1974	Robert Nielsen	*Toronto Star*
1975	Lysiane Gagnon	*La Presse, Montreal*
1976	Henry Aubin	*Montreal Gazette*
1977	Gerald Utting	*Toronto Star*
1978	Peter Worthington	*Toronto Sun*
1979	Bill Dampier	*Toronto Star*
1980	Tim Padmore and Chris Gaynor	*Vancouver Sun*
1981	Mary Janigan	*Montreal Gazette*
1982		*Vancouver Sun*
1983	John Walker	*Southam News*

FEATURE WRITING

1949	Dorothy Howarth	*Toronto Telegram*
1950	Laurie M. McKechnie	*Toronto Telegram*
1951	Bill Boss	*Canadian Press*

1952 Wilfred List
Globe and Mail, Toronto
1953 Gerald Clark
Canada Wide Features
1954 Mac Reynolds
Vancouver Sun
1955 Frank Lowe
Montreal Star
1956 Ralph Hicklin
Chatham News
1957 William Kinmond
Globe and Mail, Toronto
1958 G.E. Mortimore
Victoria Colonist
1959 Gene Telpner
Winnipeg Free Press
1960 Pierre Berton
Toronto Star
1961 Guy Lamarche
Le Devoir, Montreal
1962 Peter Worthington
Toronto Telegram
1963 Robert Turnbull
Globe and Mail, Toronto
1964 Peter Newman
Toronto Star
1965 Arnie Myers
Vancouver Sun
1966 Betty Lee
Globe and Mail, Toronto
1967 Ray Guy
St. John's Telegram
1968 Sheila Arnopoulos
Montreal Star
1969 Brian Stewart
Montreal Gazette
1970 Michael Popovich
Toronto Telegram
1971 Claire Dutrisac
La Presse, Montreal
1972 George Hutchison
London Free Press
1973 Del Bell
London Free Press
1974 Carol Hogg
Calgary Herald
1975 Nigel Gibson
Montreal Gazette
1976 Joe Hall
Toronto Star
1977 Brenda Zosky
Toronto Star
1978 Josh Freed
Montreal Star
1979 Val Sears
Toronto Star
1980 Richard Gwyn
Toronto Star
1981 Peter Calamai
Southam News
Michele Landsberg
Toronto Star (tie)
1982 Glen Allen
Montreal Gazette
1983 Bill McGuire
London Free Press

STAFF CORRESPONDING

1949 Stuart Underhill
Canadian Press
1950 Peter Inglis
Southam News Services
1951 John Bird
Southam News Services
1952 William Stevenson
Toronto Star

1953 Jack Scott
Vancouver Sun

1954 Bill Boss
Canadian Press

1955 I. Norman Smith
Ottawa Journal

1956 Ken W. MacTaggart
Toronto Telegram

1957 Jean-Marc Léger
Le Devoir, Montreal

1958 Andrew MacFarlane
Toronto Telegram

1959 Bruce Hutchison
Victoria Times

1960 Pierre Berton
Toronto Star

1961 Bruce Phillips
Southam News Services

1962 Michael Barkway
Southam News Services

1963 Alexander Ross
Vancouver Sun

1964 Charles Lynch
Southam News Services

1965 Jean-Pierre Fournier
Le Devoir, Montreal

1966 David Oancia
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1967 Timothy Traynor
FP Publications, London

1968 Robert Reguly
Toronto Star

1969 Peter Worthington
Toronto Telegram

1970 Anthony Westell
Toronto Star

1971 Norman Webster
Globe and Mail, Toronto

SPORTS WRITING

1957 Robert Hesketh
Toronto Telegram

1958 Scott Young
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1959 Dick Beddoes
Vancouver Sun

1960 Jacques Revelin
L'Action Catholique, Quebec

1961 Ted Reeve
Toronto Telegram

1962 Mike Cramond
Vancouver Province

1963 Gary Lautens
Toronto Star

1964 Bob Hanley
Hamilton Spectator

1965 Bob Pennington
Toronto Telegram

1966 James Kearney
Vancouver Sun

1967 Al Sokol
Toronto Telegram

1968 Robert J. Hanley
Hamilton Spectator

1969 Bob Pennington
Toronto Telegram

1970 Bob Hanley
Hamilton Spectator

1971 Red Fisher
Montreal Star

1972 Tim Burke
Montreal Gazette

1973 John Robertson
Montreal Star

1974 George Gross
Toronto Sun

1975 Trent Frayne
Toronto Sun

1976 Al Strachan
Montreal Gazette

1977 Brodie Snyder and
Dick Bacon
Montreal Gazette

1978 Doug Gilbert
Edmonton Sun

1979 Allen Abel
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1980 Archie McDonald
Vancouver Sun

1981 Barbara Huck
Winnipeg Free Press

1982 Michael Farber
Montreal Gazette

1983 Robert Martin
Globe and Mail, Toronto

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY

1949 Jack De Lorme
Calgary Herald

1950 Harry Befus
Calgary Herald

1951 David Bier
Montreal Herald

1952 Russell Cooper
Toronto Telegram

1953 Orval Brunelle
Lethbridge Herald

1954 Ted Dinsmore
Toronto Telegram

1955 Roger St-Jean
La Presse, Montreal

1956 Ted Jolly
Amherst, N.S. News

1957 Jerry Ormond
Calgary Herald

1958 Robertson Cochrane
London Free Press

1959 George Diack
Vancouver Sun

1960 Jack Bowman
Brantford Expositor

1961 Gordon Karam
United Press International
Ottawa Bureau

1962 Daniel Scott
Vancouver Sun

1963 Kent Stevenson
Calgary Herald

1964 Peter Geddes
Toronto Telegram

1965 Clifford Knapp
Kingston Whig-Standard

1966 Norman James
Toronto Star

1967 Sean Browne
Toronto Telegram

1968 Ernie Lee
London Free Press

1969 Tibor Kolley
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1970 Franz Maier
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1971 Doug Griffin
Toronto Star

1972 Frank Lennon
Toronto Star

1973 Kerry McIntyre
Canadian Press
Donald Dutton
Toronto Star (tie)

1974 Donald Dutton
Toronto Star

1975 Stephen Liard
Toronto Star
1976 Russell Mant
Canadian Press
1977 Douglas Ball
Canadian Press
1978 John Colville
Calgary Herald
1979 Bill Sandford
Toronto Sun
1980 Dick Wallace
London Free Press
1981 Larry McDougal
Ottawa Citizen
1982 Robert Taylor
Edmonton Sun
1983 Chris Mikula
Ottawa Citizen

CARTOONING

1949 Jack Boothe
Globe and Mail, Toronto
1950 James G. Reidford
Montreal Star
1951 Leonard Norris
Vancouver Sun
1952 Robert La Palme
Le Devoir, Montreal
1953 Robert W. Chambers
Halifax Chronicle-Herald
1954 John Collins
Montreal Gazette
1955 Merle R. Tingley
London Free Press
1956 James G. Reidford
Globe and Mail, Toronto
1957 James G. Reidford
Globe and Mail, Toronto
1958 Raoul Hunter
Le Soleil, Quebec
1959 Duncan Macpherson
Toronto Star
1960 Duncan Macpherson
Toronto Star
1961 Ed McNally
Montreal Star
1962 Duncan Macpherson
Toronto Star
1963 Jan Kamienski
Winnipeg Tribune
1964 Ed McNally
Montreal Star
1965 Duncan Macpherson
Toronto Star
1966 Robert W. Chambers
Halifax Chronicle-Herald
1967 Raoul Hunter
Le Soleil, Quebec
1968 Roy Peterson
Vancouver Sun
1969 Edward Uluschak
Edmonton Journal
1970 Duncan Macpherson
Toronto Star
1971 Yardley Jones
Toronto Sun
1972 Duncan Macpherson
Toronto Star
1973 John Collins
Montreal Gazette
1974 Blaine
Hamilton Spectator
1975 Roy Peterson
Vancouver Sun
1976 Andy Donato
Toronto Sun

1977 Terry Mosher (Aislin)
Montreal Gazette

1978 Terry Mosher (Aislin)
Montreal Gazette

1979 Edward Uluschak
Edmonton Journal

1980 Victor Roschkov
Toronto Star

1981 Tom Innes
Calgary Herald

1982 Blaine
Hamilton Spectator

1983 Dale Cummings
Winnipeg Free Press

FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY

1950 John Maclean
Toronto Telegram

1951 Peter Dunlop
Toronto Telegram

1952 Harry Befus
Calgary Herald

1953 Bill Dennett
Vancouver Sun

1954 Ray Munro
Vancouver Province

1955 Jack Marshall
Toronto Star

1956 Gordon Sedawie
Vancouver Province

1957 Villy Svarre
Vancouver Province

1958 Ron Laytner
Toronto Telegram

1959 Bob Olsen
Vancouver Province

1960 Don McLeod
Vancouver Province

1961 Jack Jarvie
Brantford Expositor

1962 Boris Spremo
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1963 Boris Spremo
Globe and Mail, Toronto

1964 Bob Olsen
Vancouver Times

1965 Ken Oakes
Vancouver Sun

1966 David Paterson
Vancouver Province

1967 Reg Innell
Toronto Star

1968 Boris Spremo
Toronto Star

1969 Peter Bregg
Canadian Press

1970 Glenn Baglo
Vancouver Sun

1971 Glenn Baglo
Vancouver Sun

1972 Jack Burnett
London Free Press

1973 Rod C. MacIvor
United Press International

1974 Douglas Ball
Canadian Press

1975 Tedd Church
Montreal Gazette

1976 Allan Leishman
Montreal Star

1977 Boris Spremo
Toronto Star

1978 Hugh MacKenzie
Ottawa Citizen

1979 Bill Keay
Vancouver Sun

1980 Peter Martin
United Press Canada

1981 Tedd Church
Montreal Gazette

1982 Bruno Schlumberger
Ottawa Citizen

1983 Veronica Milne
Toronto Sun

COLUMNS

1980 Michele Landsberg
Toronto Star

1981 Lysiane Gagnon
La Presse, Montreal

1982 John Slinger
Toronto Star

1983 Allan Fotheringham
Southam News

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE AWARDS

Armadale Co. Ltd.
Bowes Publishers Ltd.
Brockville Recorder and Times
Fredericton Gleaner
French-language dailies
Globe and Mail
Halifax Herald Ltd.
Kingston Whig-Standard
Kitchener-Waterloo Record
London Free Press
Moncton Publishing Co.
Northumberland Publishers
Red Deer Advocate
St. Catharines Standard
Saint John Times-Globe and Telegraph-Journal
Sherbrooke Record
Southam Inc.
Sterling Newspapers
Thomson Newspapers
Toronto Star
Toronto Sun
Victoria Times-Colonist
Winnipeg Free Press

COMMITTEE

Ed Simon (chairman)
Douglas Amaron
Richard Anco
Harold Herschell
Ed Monteith
Geoffrey Stevens
Mel Sufrin
Ray Timson
Bryan Vaughan
Irving Whynot

TRUSTEES

Douglas Creighton
Charles D'Amour
Keith Kincaid
Ross Munro

JUDGES

Arnold Agnew
Douglas Amaron
Craig Armstrong
Michael Ballantyne
Jack Brayley
Irma Coucill
J.R. Delorme
John Eby
J.G. Etherington
Ron Evans
Alex Farrell
Donald R. Gordon
John Grace
Jim Kearney
Mack Laing
Emery LeBlanc
Pierre Lemieux,
Peter Lloyd
Frank Moritsugu
Peter Newman
Larry Ouellette
Lana Robinson
William Stewart
A.L. Vickery
Alan Walker
Irving Whynot
John Yocom

John Tamblyn, London

ABOUT THE EDITOR

Andrew MacFarlane spent twenty-two years in daily newspapers, seven of them as managing editor of the old *Toronto Telegram*. He was a senior official of the Ontario government before accepting, in 1973, an invitation to develop Canada's first graduate school of journalism at the University of Western Ontario, where he served a seven-year term as dean—the first Canadian journalism educator to achieve that university rank.

An even more gratifying career accomplishment was his move from administration to the ranks of the faculty, where, as a full professor, he now devotes his time to the pleasurable activities of teaching, researching, writing about and occasionally practising journalism.

He has been a National Newspaper Awards judge and, as a reporter, a two-time winner—for Staff Corresponding and Spot News Reporting. He edited *Byline: The 1982 National Newspaper Awards* and is the author of *It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time.*